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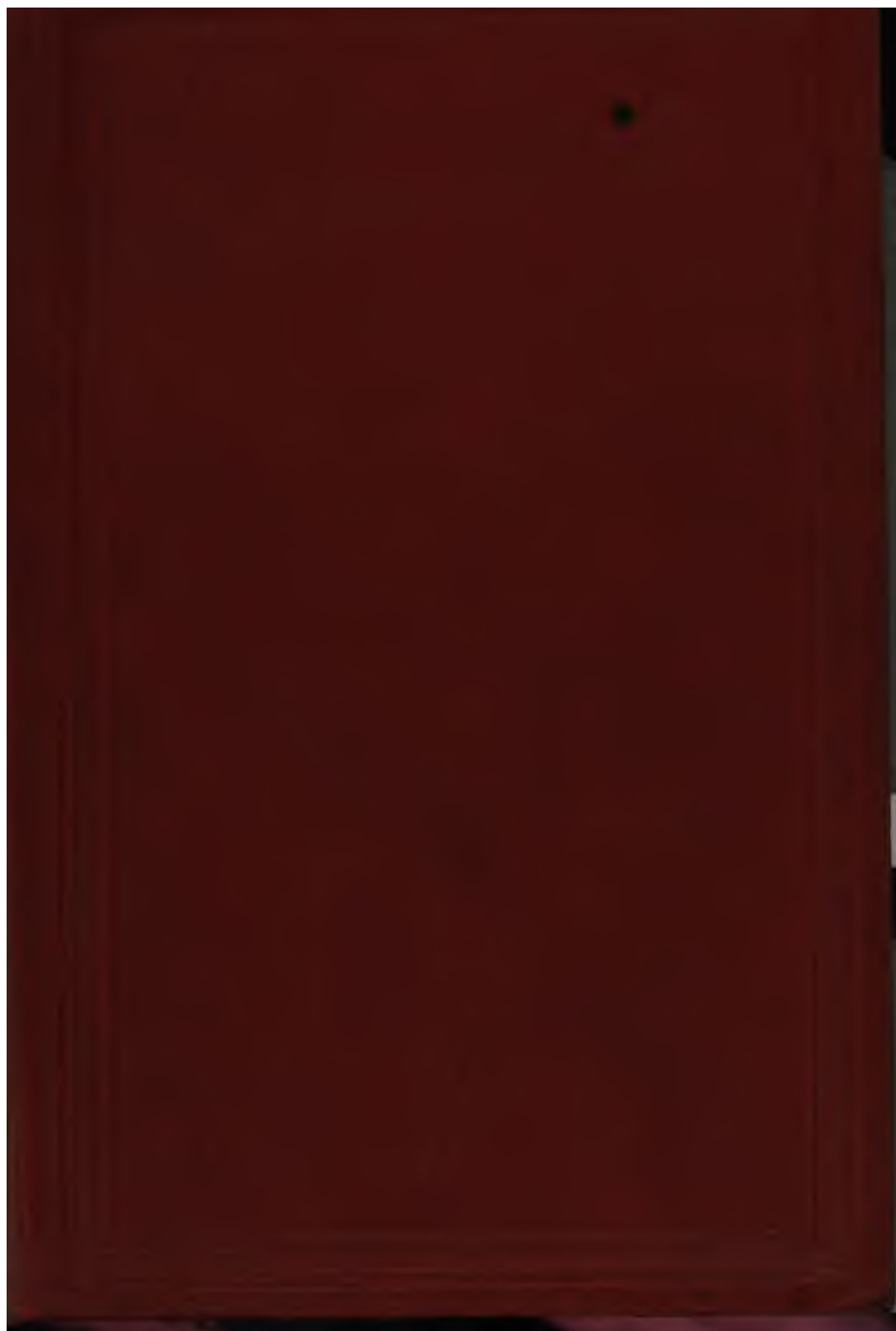
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THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

OF war I sing, and of the man who from the shores of Troy, driven forth by fate, first came to Italy and the Lavinian coast ; much both on land and on the deep was that man buffeted by the might of the high gods, to please fell Juno's sleepless wrath ; and many things he suffered, too, in war, while striving to build his city and bring his gods to Latium,—whence sprang the Latin race, the Alban senate, and the walls of lofty Rome.

Tell me, O Muse, the cause ; upon what outrage to her power (8), or whereat grieved, did the queen of heaven lead a man pre-eminent in goodness to pass through so many woes, and face so many perils. Does wrath so mighty touch celestial minds ?

In the days of old there was a city, held by colonists from Tyre, Carthage, confronting from afar Italy and the mouth of Tiber, rich in resources, and very fierce in the pursuits of war : and Juno, Samos having been neglected (for it), is said to have loved this one (city) more than all the world ; here were her arms and here her car ; and even at that time the goddess was striving with (18) fostering care that, if by any means the fates should grant

8. *quo numine læso* : lit. 'What divine-power (of hers) having been outraged ?'

18. *jam tum tenditque fovetque* : lit. 'strives for it to be the ruler, and cherishes it to be so.'

it, this might be the ruler of the nations. Yet had she heard that a people was coming from the Trojan race to overturn in time her Tyrian city, and that from them a nation, ruling far and wide, and glorious in war, would come to destroy Libya; so did the Fates intend. The daughter of Saturn dreading this, and mindful of the old war which she had originally waged at Troy for her darling Argos,—the causes of her wrath, too, and her bitter pangs had not yet passed from her soul: stored up in the depths of her mind remains the judgment of Paris, and the wrong done to her despised beauty, and his detested nation, and the honours paid to stolen Ganymede; enraged besides at these things, she was tossing over all the deep and keeping far from Latium the Trojans, the relics left by the Danai and pitiless Achilles; and for many a year they wandered, driven by destiny, round every sea. So vast a labour was it to found the Roman state (33).

Scarce out of sight of the land of Sicily were they sailing joyously forth into the deep, and throwing up briny foam with their (prows of) brass, when Juno, cherishing in her breast her eternal wrong, (spake) thus with herself: "Am I then, baffled, to desist from my design, and have no power to keep the king of the Teucrians from Italy? Forsooth, I am forbidden by the fates. Could Pallas burn the fleet of the Argives, and drown them in the sea, for the crime of one man, and the infatuation of Ajax Oileus? Herself, she hurled Jove's rapid lightning from the clouds, scattered the ships, and raised with

33. *Tantæ molis, &c.*: 'to found the Roman state was of such great difficulty.'

winds the billows ;—him, breathing out the flames from his pierced breast, she caught up in a whirlwind and impaled on a pointed rock. But I, who move the queen of heaven, the sister and the wife of Jove, am waging war for so many years with a single nation. And does any one hereafter worship the divinity of Juno, or place as a suppliant a gift upon her altars ?”

Revolving such things with herself in her chafed heart, the goddess speeds to the country of the storm-clouds, the regions teeming with raging southern-blasts, *Æolia*. There, King *Æolus* in an antre vast, keeps down with power the struggling winds and roaring tempests, and curbs them with prison-chains (54). They rage indignantly around the doors with loud reverberations from the mountain : *Æolus* sits in his lofty citadel, wielding the sceptre, and soothes their wrath, and moderates their ire. Did he not so, forsooth, sea, earth, and heaven profound they would carry headlong with them and sweep through the void. But the almighty King, in fear of this, hath hidden them in gloomy caves, and also placed on them a mass of towering mountains (61) ; and hath given them a ruler, who should know at his bidding how by fixed laws to tighten and to slacken their reins. And to him then Juno as a suppliant spake these words :—

“*Æolus*, for to thee the sire of gods and king of men hath given it to lay the waves and raise them with the wind, a race hostile to me is sailing o’er the Tuscan main, carrying into Italy, Ilium and

54. *vinclis et carcere* : a hendiadys, lit. ‘with chains and prison.’

61. *molem et montes* : another hendiadys.

its conquered Penates: throw fury into the winds, o'erwhelm and drown their ships, or drive the crews in all directions, and scatter their bodies o'er the deep. I have twice seven Nymphs of surpassing beauty; *her* of these, ~~she~~ who is in form the loveliest, Deiopea, I will join to thee in lasting wedlock, and give her up to thee for ever; that in return for such a service, she may pass all her years with thee, and make thee the father of beauteous children."

Æolus replied: "Thine is the task, O queen, to see well what thou askest: to do thy bidding is my duty. Thou ensurest for me all this realm, and my sceptre, and (the favor of) Jove: thou givest it to me to recline at the banquets of the gods, and makest me lord of the storm-clouds and of the tempests."

When these words were said, he pushed the hollow mountain on the side with his levelled spear: and the winds, as though in duly-formed array, where the gate was given, rush forth, and blow across the land in a whirlwind. They fell heavily upon the sea, and Eurus, and Notus, and Africus, dense with storms, upheave it wholly from its lowest foundations, and roll huge billows to the shore. The shouts of men and the creaking of ropes follow. Clouds suddenly snatch both sky and daylight away from the eyes of the Teucrians: black night settles down upon the deep. The poles thundered, and the air glittered with frequent lightnings, and all things threaten instant death to the heroes.

Forthwith the limbs of Æneas are loosened by chill fear, and stretching both his hands to the stars, he thus speaks:—"O thrice and four times happy ye, whose lot it was to die before the faces of your sires under

the lofty walls of Troy! O bravest of the race of Danaus, Tydides! that I should not have been able to fall on the plains of Ilium, and lose this life's-breath by your hand, where dreadful Hector was laid low by the spear of Achilles, and great Sarpedon, where Simois rolls along so many shields and helms, and stalwart forms of heroes, sucked beneath his waves."

As he thus raved, the tempest howling with the north-wind strikes the sail full in front, and heaves the billows to the skies: the oars are broken: then the prow swings round, and gives the vessel's side to the waves: a rugged mountain of water follows in a mass. Some (106) (of the ships) hang suspended on the crest of the billow: for others the yawning waters disclose land between the waves; the swelling main rages wildly with the quicksands. Three Notus catches, and whirls away on hidden rocks—rocks in mid-sea which the Italians call the Altars—a huge ridge near the surface of the sea. Three Eurus, (piteous sight to see), drives from deep water into the shallows of the syrtes, and dashes them on the shoals, and surrounds them with a bank of sand: one, which carries the Lycians and trusty Orontes, a huge sea strikes from above on the poop before the eyes of Æneas himself. The helmsman is swept away, and tumbles prone head foremost. But the ship itself thrice in the same spot did the waves whirl driving round, and the rapid eddies suck within their waters. Here and there are men seen swimming in the vasty whirlpool, the arms of warriors, and planks, and Trojan treasure among the waves. And now

106. *Hi*: the masc. is used with reference to the crews. Compare *diversos*, in line 70.

the strong ship of Ilioneus, now that of brave Achates, that in which Abas, and that in which old Aletes rode, are beaten by the storm : all, through the loosened planking of their sides, admit the fatal water, and gape in rifts.

Meanwhile Neptune, deeply moved, felt that the sea was being disturbed by loud uproar, and that a storm had been let loose, and that the waters had been thrown up from the bottom of the deep : and looking out over the sea he raised his placid brow above the waves. He sees the fleet of Æneas scattered over all the main, and the Trojans vanquished by the billows and the turmoil of the sky : and the craft and rancour of Juno did not escape her brother. He summons Eurus and Zephyrus, and forthwith says (132), "Trust ye so much then to your race? Dare ye now without my will, ye winds, to confound heaven and earth, and raise such monstrous billows? And ye, I'll —! But 'tis better to allay the troubled waves. Another time ye shall expiate your deeds with a different punishment. Hasten your flight, and bear these words to your king :— Not unto him was the empire of the sea and the dread trident given by lot, but unto me. He holds the savage rocks, your homes, O Eurus ; in those halls let Æolus disport himself, and reign with the prison of his winds close-barred."

So spake he, and swifter than his words makes smooth the troubled waters, and drives away the gathered clouds, and brings back the sun. At the same time Cymothoe and Triton push against the

132. *Tantane vos, &c.* : lit. 'Hath so great trust in your stock possessed ye?'

ships and shove them off the sharp-edged reef: Neptune himself lifts them with his trident: and opens the vasty syrtes, and rules the waves, and in his light car glides over the surface of the main. And as in a mighty crowd oft-times when a riot rises, and the vile mob rage in their minds, and already, madness gives the arms, the torches and stones are flying, then if by chance they see a man of weighty character (151) and services, they are mute and stand attentive (152) with strained ears: he sways their minds with his words and soothes their hearts: so all the turmoil of the ocean sank; after that its king looked o'er the waters, and riding beneath the clear sky guided his steeds, and as he flew urged on his swiftly-gliding chariot (156).

The wearied followers of Æneas strive with all speed to make for the shores which are nearest, and turn to the coast of Libya. There is a spot in a deep retiring bay: an island makes a harbour by the shelter of its sides, by which every wave from the deep is broken and parts into the deep hollows (of the shore) (161): on either side huge cliffs and their twin peaks rise towering to the sky, and beneath their summits the sheltered waters are silent o'er a wide expanse: from above impends a background of wav-

151. *pietate gravem*: lit. 'weighty in respect of character.'

152. "Here, and in ii. 303 (where the same words recur) 'ad' expresses attention."—*Conington*.

156. *curru dat lora*: lit. 'gives the reins to his car,' i.e. to the horses which were yoked to it.

161. I have borrowed Conington's translation of this passage, but I do not pretend to have a very clear conception of Virgil's meaning. My impression is that *sinus reductos* are the indentations in that side of the island which faced seaward.

ing woods, and a forest black with horrid shade: beneath the face (of the rock) in front is a cave with pendent crags, and within it a spring of fresh water, and seats of living stone, the home of the Nymphs: here no cables hold the weary barks, no anchor stays them with its crooked fluke. Hither Æneas came with seven ships mustered out of all his number: and with a deep longing for land the Trojans disembark, and gain the wished-for sands, and stretch their limbs dripping with brine upon the shore. And first Achates struck from a flint a spark, and caught the fire on leaves, and placed dry fuel around it, and kindles with speed a flame in the glowing embers. Then, wearied of their struggles, they get out the corn all spoiled by the waves, and the implements of Ceres, and prepare to pound with stones the wheat which was saved, and bake it in the fire.

Meanwhile Æneas scales a peak, and seeks a wide look-out far o'er the main (181), to see, it may be, Antheus buffeted by the wind and his Phrygian galleys, or Capys, or the arms of Caicus on his tall vessel. He sees no ship in sight, but three stags roaming on the shore: whole herds were following them, and browsing in a long line through the vales. He stopt, and seized with his hand the bow and swift arrows, the weapons which trusty Achates was carrying, and first laid low the leaders themselves, bearing their heads high with branching antlers; then the commoners, and plying it with his weapons, flurried all the herd amid the leafy groves: nor stays he till he stretches victoriously seven huge carcasses on the ground, and makes their number

181. *Anthea si quem, &c.*: lit. '(to try) if he may see an Anthea,' &c.

equal to his ships. Then he seeks the harbour, and divides them among all his comrades. And then he shares out the wine which kind Acestes had stored in casks on the Trinacrian shore, and had given to them on their departure like a prince, and comforts their sorrowing hearts with speech:—

“Comrades—for not unversed are we ere now in ills—O ye who have suffered worse, to these, too, heaven will bring an end. Ye have faced ravening Scylla and her rocks resounding to their entrails; ye have braved the caverns of the Cyclopes: recall your spirits and dismiss your gloomy fears: perchance e'en these things too, in days to come, 'twill cheer us to remember. Through chances various, through dangers manifold, we are making our way to Italy, where the fates promise us a quiet resting-place; and there the realm of Troy may rise again. Hold out, and keep yourselves for better things.”

So spake he with his voice; and with his looks, though sick with weighty cares, feigns hope, and keeps his anguish deep within his breast. They apply themselves to the game and their coming banquet: they strip the skin from the flanks and lay bare the flesh; some cut it up into collops and pierce the quivering (pieces) with spits; other arrange the brazen caldrons on the shore and prepare the fires. Then with the food they get their vigour back, and stretched upon the grass fill themselves with old wine and fat venison. When hunger was banished by the feast, and the meal was over (216),

216. *mensæ remotæ*: lit. ‘the tables were removed,’ “not appropriate to this occasion, but the general phrase for concluding a meal, derived from the Roman practice of removing the *mensæ*.”—*Conington*.

in long discourse they mourn their lost companions; doubting 'twixt hope and fear, whether to believe them alive, or dead and deaf to all their cries (219). Above all the good Æneas moans with himself over the fate of bold Orontes, and Amycus, and the cruel end of Lycus, and o'er brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus.

And now at last there was an end (of their mourning), when Jupiter, looking down from the heaven's top upon the sail-winged sea, and outstretched lands, and wide-spread nations, stood thus on the pinnacle of heaven, and fixed his eyes upon the realms of Libya. And while he gravely mused on all these things (227), Venus in sorrow, and with her glistening eyes suffused with tears, addresses him: "O thou who rulest the affairs of gods and men with everlasting sway, and awest them with thy thunder, what sin so great could my Æneas and the Trojans have committed against thee that, after having suffered such woes, all the earth is closed against them on account of Italy? Surely thou didst once promise that from them, in revolving years, from them, from the renovated stock of Teucer, should spring the lordly Romans, to sway the sea, to sway the earth with absolute dominion; what thoughts have changed thee, O my father? With this at least I used to console myself for the fall and bitter over-

219. *extrema pati, &c.*: lit. 'that they are suffering (i.e. had suffered) the last evils, and do not now hear when called to,' alluding to the *conclamatio*.

227. *tales jactantem pectore curas*: lit. 'agitating such cases in his mind.' "The import of *tales* is to be gathered from the preceding lines, especially from *Libyæ defixit, &c.*" — Conington.

throw of Troy, poisoning the adverse fates with fate. Now the self-same fortune pursues the men who have been harassed with so many disasters. What end, great king, dost thou give to their toils? Antenor, when he escaped through the midst of the Achæans, was able to reach in safety the Illyrian gulf, and the realms of the Liburnians at its extremity, and pass the fountain of Timavus, from which through nine mouths, with loud reverberations from the hill, the sea rushes headlong, and covers the fields with its sounding tide. Still he founded the city of Patavium, and a home for the Teucrians, and gave a name to his nation, and hung up the arms of Troy; and now he rests, settled in tranquil peace: we, thy offspring, to whom thou grantest the citadel of heaven, have lost (O shame!) our ships; and to please one person's anger, are betrayed and kept afar from the shores of Italy. Is this the reward of virtue? Is it thus thou restorest us to a throne?"

The sire of gods and men, smiling upon her with that look wherewith he smoothes the tempests of the sky, lightly touched his daughter's lips, and said, "Spare thy fear, Cytherea; the destinies of thy people remain unchanged for thee: thou shalt see the city and promised walls of Lavinium, and thou shalt bear aloft to the stars of heaven thy brave Æneas: no thought has changed me. He for thy comfort (261)—for I will speak, since this care carketh thee, and will unfold at length and tell the secrets of destiny—he shall wage a mighty war in Italy and crush her savage nations, and shall give his followers cities and institutions; till a third summer

261. *tibi*: lit. 'for thee,' dativus Ethicus.

see him ruling in Latium, and a third winter pass over the vanquished Rutulians. But his son Ascanius, to whom the surname of Iulus now is given—'twas Ilus while the state of Ilium stood with power—shall complete in his reign thirty great circles of revolving months, and shall transfer his kingdom from the settlement of Lavinium, and with great power build and fortify Alba Longa. And here the kingdom shall endure three hundred years under the race of Hector, till a princess, the priestess Ilia pregnant by Mars shall bring forth twins. Then Romulus, exulting in the tawny skin of his nurse the she-wolf, shall receive the people, and shall build the city of Mars, and call the people, from his own name, Romans. To them I set no bounds of space or time ; I have given them empire without end. Nay, savage Juno, who is now through fear moving sea, earth and sky, shall change her counsels for the better, and with me shall cherish the Romans, lords of the world, and the race who wear the toga. Such is my pleasure. A time shall come, as the years glide by, when the house of Assaracus shall hold in servitude Pthia and famed Mycenæ, and shall rule over vanquished Argos. From the fair line of Troy Cæsar shall spring, to bound his empire with the ocean, and his fame with the stars (288) ; a Julius he, a name derived from great Iulus. Him laden with the spoils of the east thou shalt hereafter welcome to heaven, freed from all thy cares : he, too, shall be invoked by vows. Then the savage ages shall put aside war and become gentle ; hoary Faith,

288. *Julius* : Augustus is meant, he was Julius Cæsar by adoption.

and Vesta, and Quirinus, with his brother Remus, shall impose laws: the gates of war, grim with closely-welded plates of iron, shall be shut; within unnatural Frenzy, sitting upon his cruel weapons, and with his hands bound by a hundred brazen knots behind his back, shall rage horribly with his gory mouth."

So spake he, and sent down the son of Maia from on high, in order that the soil and city of young Carthage may be open to welcome the Teucrians; lest Dido, in her ignorance of destiny, should repulse them from her land. He through the broad air flies on oary wing (301), and quickly alights on the coasts of Libya. Anon he does his bidding, and the Phenicians lay aside their savage hearts at the god's will: the queen especially takes in peaceful thoughts and kindly feelings towards the Teucrians.

But good Æneas, musing on many things throughout the night, as soon as cheerful day appeared, resolved to go forth and explore the strange ground, and find upon what shore he had been driven by the wind, and who possess it, men or beasts—for he sees a desert before him—and to report to his companions what he had done. He hides his fleet in a wooded creek beneath a hollow rock, where it was shut in all round by trees and quivering shade; and accompanied only by Achates, he advances brandishing in his hand two spears (tipped) with broad steel. And his mother put herself before him in the midst of the wood, wearing the looks and dress of a maiden, and the arms of a maiden, Spartan or like Harpalyce of Thrace, who in her flight wears coursers down, and outstrips rapid Hebrus. For she had duly slung a light quiver

301. *Remigio alarum*: lit. 'on the oarage of his wings.'

on her shoulders, like a huntress, and had given her tresses for the winds to ruffle: her knee was bare, and her flowing dress gathered up by a knot. And first (to speak): "Ho! sirs," she says; "tell me if any of my sisters, with quiver decked and skin of spotted lynx, ye have noted roaming here, or following with shouts the flying, foaming boar" (324).

So Venus spake; and Venus' son in answer thus began: "None of your sisters have I seen or heard, O—whom shall I name thee, maiden? For neither is thy face of mortal mould, nor does thy voice ring human. O goddess sure: art Phœbus' sister, or one of the race of Nymphs? Mayest thou be propitious, and, whoe'er thou art, assist our toil, and tell us beneath what sky, and in what quarter of the globe, we are roaming. Ignorant of men and land we are wandering here, driven hither by the wind and billows wild: and many a victim shall our right hand fell before thy altars."

Then Venus: "Indeed, I deem not I am worthy of such honour; 'tis usual for the maids of Tyre to bear the quiver, and bind their limbs with deep-red buskins high. The realms you see are Punic, (the people) Tyrians, and the city Agenor's; but the country around is the Libyans', a race invincible in war. The kingdom is ruled by Dido, who from the city of Tyre went forth, flying from her brother. Long and intricate is the tale of her wrongs (341); but I will recount in order the chief points of the

324. *spumantis apri cursum*: lit. 'the running of the foaming boar.'

341. *Longa est injuria*: lit. 'long is the (tale of) wrong, long its intricacies.'

affair. Her husband was Sychæus, in land the richest of Phenicians, and loved with deep affection by the hapless woman ; while yet a maid her sire had given her to him, and yoked her first to him with bridal-auspices. But the kingdom of Tyre came to her brother Pygmalion, in wickedness more fell beyond all other men. He, impious and blinded by his lust for gold, secretly slew Sychæus unawares before the altars, regardless of the love his sister bare him : and long he concealed the crime, and basely forging many a lie, cheated the heart-sick loving wife with vain hopes. But oft in dreams the shade of her unburied spouse appeared, raising a visage marvellously pale, and shewed her the cruel altars, and his breast pierced by the sword, and revealed all the hidden wickedness of the house. Then he bids her hasten her flight, and go forth from her country, and, as aidance to her way, discloses ancient treasures from the earth, an unknown weight of gold and silver. Disturbed by these things, Dido provides her means for flight and friends. They meet together, they who had either bitter hate or keen fear of the tyrant : they seize some ships which happened to be ready, and lade them with gold : the riches of greedy Pygmalion are borne upon the sea ; the author of the feat—a woman. They reached the spot where thou dost now behold the walls and rising citadel of young Carthage, and bought a site, called Byrsa from the fact (367), as large as they could compass with a bull's hide. But who are ye ? from what land have ye come, or whither do ye wend your way ?" To her thus asking, he

367. *facti de nomine Byrsam* : lit. 'Byrsa (i.e. Hide) from the appellation of their deed.'

(replied), sighing and drawing his words from the depths of his breast :—

“O goddess! if I should go on retracing (my story) from its first beginning, and there were time to listen to the annals of our struggles, evening, with heaven closed, would lay the day to sleep first. We are from ancient Troy, if through your ears perchance the name of Troy hath passed; and borne through various seas, a tempest hath brought us by its accidents to the shores of Libya. I am Æneas the good, renowned by fame above the sky, who am bearing in my ships the Penates which I rescued from the foe. I am on my way to Italy my country, and to my forefathers, sprung from Jove supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked on the sea of Phrygia, my goddess mother shewing the way, and following the oracles which were given to me: scarce seven, strained by wind and waves, remain. Unknown and poor, I am traversing the deserts of Libya, exiled from Europe and from Asia.” But Venus did not suffer him to make more complaints, and thus interrupted him in the midst of his woes :—

“Whoe’er thou art, not unbeloved by heaven, I ween, thou drinkest vital air, since thou hast reached a Tyrian city. Do but go on, and hence betake thee to the palace of our queen. For I tell thee that thy friends are returned, and thy fleet brought back and borne into a place of safety by a change of wind, unless my foolish parents have taught me augury in vain. Lo twice six swans in jubilant array, whom the bird of Jove swooping down from his ærial zone was (lately) fluttering in the open sky, and now in long line some seem to be alighting on the ground, some looking

down on those who have alighted (396) : on their return (now) sport with rustling wings, and wheel in a troop around the sky, and pour forth carols, just so thy ships and men are either (now) in haven or are entering its mouth with swelling sails. Do but go on, and where the way leads bend thy steps."

She spake, and turning away gleamed out with roseate neck, and from her head her locks ambrosial breathed celestial fragrance ; her robe flowed down to her feet, and by her gait she shone a real goddess. He, when he recognised his mother, followed her as she moved away with these words : "Why dost thou, thou too art cruel, mock thy son so oft with feigned shapes ? why is it not given me to join my right hand to thine own, and to hear and answer real utterance ?" So chides he, and bends his footsteps to the city. But Venus screened them as they went along with a dark mist, and the goddess surrounded them with a thick covering of cloud, that no one might see them, and that no one might touch them, or cause delay, or ask the reasons of their coming. She herself departs through the air to Paphus, and pleased revisits her abode, where (stands) her temple, and a hundred altars glow with Sabæan frankincense, and are fragrant with fresh garlands.

Meanwhile they hasten on their way where the path leads. And now they were ascending the hill which hangs in a great mass over the city, and looks from above upon the towers which front it. Æneas marvels at the palaces, whilom huts, marvels at the

396. *terras aut capere*, &c. : lit. 'to be settling on the ground or looking down on ground already settled on.'

gates and the hum of the paved streets (422). The Tyrians are working vigorously, some to raise the walls, and build the citadel, and roll up stones with their hands; others to choose a spot for their home and surround it with a trench: and they are selecting laws and magistrates and a sacred senate: here some are digging out a harbour; here others are laying the deep foundation of a theatre, and quarrying huge columns from the rocks, the lofty ornaments of a future stage. Such labor stirs the bees in early summer through the flowery leas, beneath the sun, when they lead forth the grown-up younglings of their race, or when they pack the liquid honey and cram their cells with luscious nectar, or take their burthens from the (workers) as they come, or in formed array chase from the hives the lazy horde of drones: the work goes briskly on, and the fragrant honey is scented with thyme. "Happy are ye whose walls already rise," Æneas cries, and looks up at the battlements of the city. Screened by the crowd—a prodigy to tell—he moves through the midst, and mingles with the people, and is not seen of any one.

There was a grove in the midst of the city, most rich in shade; and in this spot, after having been tost by wave and whirlwind, the Pœni first dug up the sign, which regal Juno had disclosed, the head of a noble steed: for so their race was to become pre-eminent in war and plenteous ease (445). Here Sidonian Dido was building a stately temple for Juno, enriched by gifts and the presence of the goddess; and the threshold of it above the steps was of

422. Lit. 'noise and streets: ' another hendiadys.

445. *facilem victu*: lit. 'easy in respect of food.'

brass, and the door-posts were welded with brass, and the doors with their grating hinges were of brass. In this grove a novel sight (450) first soothed their fear: here Æneas first ventured to hope for safety, and to put more trust in his shattered fortunes. For as he surveys each object beneath the stately fane, while waiting for the queen, as he marvels at the fortune of the city, and one with another at the works of the artists and the magnitude of their labours, he sees the battles before Ilium in order due, and the wars already bruited by fame through all the world, the sons of Atreus, and Priam, and Achilles, terrible to both. He stopt, and weeping said, "What spot, Achates, now, what realm on earth, is not filled with our woes? Look, there is Priam. Here, too, worth has its own reward: (here, too,) there are tears for suffering, and human sorrows touch the heart. Away with fear: this fame will bring thee safety of some sort." So spake he, and feeds his soul with the painted imagery (464), groaning oft, and bedews his face with copious tears. For he saw how warring around Troy here fled the Greeks, and the men of Troy pursued: and there the Phrygians fled, and helmeted Achilles in his car pressed after them. Hard by he notes with tears the tents of Rhesus with their snowy canvas, which, betrayed in their first sleep, bloody Tydides was with wide carnage wasting, and was turning away to his camp the fiery steeds ere they had tasted the fodder of Troy, or drank of Xanthus. In another part, flying with armour lost, Troilus, a hapless strippling, and an unequal match for Achilles, is carried

450. *nova res oblata*: lit. 'a new thing brought before them.'

464. *picturâ inani*: lit. 'unsubstantial picture.'

away by his steeds, and stretched on his back holds fast to his empty chariot, still grasping the reins ; his neck and hair are dragged along the ground, and the sand is scored by his inverted spear. Meanwhile the women of Ilium were going to the temple of unpropitious Pallas, with hair dishevelled, and bearing the sacred robe, in suppliant guise, sorrowing and beating their breasts with their hands : the goddess with averted look kept her eyes fixed upon the ground. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Ilium, and was selling his lifeless corse for gold. Then, indeed, Æneas heaved a deep groan from the bottom of his breast, when he beheld the spoils, and the chariot, and the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching out his unarmed hands. He recognised himself too fighting with the Achæan chieftains, and the hosts of the East, and the arms of swarthy Memnon. Penthesilea furiously leads on her bands of Amazons with their crescent shields, and rages in the midst of thousands, having one bare breast begirt with a golden band, a warrior-maid, and woman though she be, she dares to fight with men.

While Dardan Æneas is looking at these marvels, while he stands amazed and motionless in one fixed gaze, Dido the queen, in form most beautiful, came to the temple with a great train of warriors pressing round her. And as Diana, when she leads the dance on Eurotas' banks or on the heights of Cynthus, and a thousand Oreads follow thronging from all sides : she bears a quiver on her shoulder, and as she moves o'er-toppeth all her nymphs : and silent joy pervades Latona's breast. Such Dido was, such through the midst she joyously advanced, urging on the work

of her nascent kingdom (504). Then in the gate of the goddess, beneath the key-stone of the temple's vaulted roof (505), begirt with arms, she sat exalted high upon a throne. Rules and laws she was giving to her people, and was adjusting the burden of their labours by fair apportionment or by drawing lots, when suddenly in the midst of a rushing crowd, Æneas sees approaching, Antheus, and Sergestus, and brave Cloanthus, and others of the Teucrians, whom the black whirlwind had scattered o'er the deep, and carried far away to other shores. He stood amazed, he and Achates too, struck dumb with joy and fear: eagerly they burn to clasp their hands, but the strange sight disturbs their souls. They hide their feelings, and shrouded by the hollow cloud, look out (to learn) the fortunes of these men, and on what shore their fleet is left, and what they are come for; for men picked out from every ship were advancing, praying for grace, and coming to the temple with loud cries.

After they had entered, and the right of speaking before her had been granted, Ilioneus, the eldest of them, thus with unmoved heart began: "O queen, to whom it has been given by Jove to found a new city and curb with laws the haughty nations, we hapless Trojans, borne by winds o'er every sea, beseech thee, keep from our ships the dreadful torches, spare our pious race, and look with kindness on our

504. *operi regnisque futuris*: another hendiadys.

505. *media testudine templi*: lit. 'in (i.e. beneath) the middle of the vaulted-roof of the temple.' Other explanations have been given: I follow Conington in supposing that Dido sat in the centre of the entrance.

estate. We have not come to waste the homes of Libya, or to seize and drive its booty to the shore: such violence belongs not to our hearts, nor such proud insolence to beaten men. There is a land, the Greeks call it by name Hesperia, an ancient land, puissant in arms and wealth of glebe, Ænotrian men possessed it: rumour now tells that their descendants have from their leader's name called that land Italy. Here was our course; when stormy Orion, rising with sudden swell, bore us on hidden shoals, and scattered us afar with blustering winds through waves, the sea o'ermatching us, and trackless rocks; hither a few of us have drifted to your shores. What kind of men are these? what land so barbarous that allows this usage? They drive us from the shelter of the coast, set war afoot, and forbid us to rest on the edge of their land? If ye despise the human race and mortal arms, still look ye forward to the gods, who remember right and wrong. Our king was Æneas, than whom there never lived a man more just, or more pre-eminent in goodness and in war and arms; and if the fates still spare that hero, if he still enjoys the air of heaven, and does not lie in dreadful darkness, we have no fears: nor wilt thou repent of having begun (548) the strife of kindness (with him). In the realm of Sicily, too, there are cities and warriors, and renowned Acestes of Trojan blood. Allow us to haul up our tempest-shattered barks, and to fashion planks and make (552)

548. *certasse priorem*: lit. 'to have strived the first in kindness.'

552. *stringere remos*: lit. 'strip oars,' i.e. strip branches of trees of their leaves and twigs for oars.

oars in your forests ; that, if it be given us to go to Italy, with friends and king restored, we may make for Italy and Latium, and if our defence has been swept away, if thou, most gracious monarch of the Teucrians, art lying in the sea of Libya, and our hopes in Iulus exist no longer, we may at least still make for Sicilian waters, and the homes which are ready for us, and King Acestes." So spake Ilioneus : and all the Dardans shouted with him (559).

Then Dido, looking downwards, briefly spake : "Dismiss all fear from your hearts, ye Teucrians, lay aside your cares. My peril, and the newness of my kingdom, force me to do such things, and to guard my land on all sides watchfully. Who knoweth not the race of the Æneadæ, and the city of Troy, and its gallant deeds and heroes, and the conflagration of that mighty war? We Pœni have not our minds so dull, nor does Sol yoke his steeds so far aloof from this Tyrian city. Whether you choose great Hesperia and Saturn's land, or the territory of Eryx, and King Acestes, I will send you away protected by an escort, and will help you with my stores. Will ye, too, settle in these realms on equal terms with me? The city I am building is your own : haul up your ships. Trojan and Tyrian I will treat alike without distinction. And would that your king himself, Æneas, were here, driven by the same gale ! Certes I will despatch trusty men and bid them explore the uttermost parts of Libya, if wrecked he is wandering in any of its woods or cities."

559. "*simul* means not that they shouted all together, which is expressed by *cuncti*; but that they shouted assent to the speaker."—*Conington*.

Excited in their hearts by these words, both brave, Achates and king Æneas had long been burning to burst forth from the cloud. Achates spake first to Æneas: "Son of a goddess, what thought now rises in thy mind? Thou seest that all is safe, and that thy ships and friends have been recovered. One only is away, and we ourselves saw him whelmed in the midst of the billows; the rest agreeth with thy mother's words." Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud around them suddenly parted and melted into translucent air. Æneas stayed, and shone refulgent in the bright daylight, like unto a god in face and form, for his mother's breath had given beauty to her son's flowing locks, and to himself the rosy bloom of youth, and splendid brilliance to his eyes: such beauty ivory takes from (cunning) hands, or silver and the Parian stone when set in yellow gold. Then thus he greets the queen, and unforeseen of all exclaims: "Here am I whom you seek, Æneas of Troy, saved from the Libyan sea. O thou who alone hast pitied the dreadful sufferings of Troy, who to us, poor relics from the Danai saved, foredone by every ill on sea and land, a city givest and a home, it is not in our power, Dido, to pay thee fitting thanks, nor in that of all the race of Dardanus which is anywhere scattered throughout the wide world. The gods, if any heavenly powers regard good men, if justice and conscious rectitude be of any account anywhere, will bring thee a rich guerdon. What blissful ages brought thee into being? what glorious parents gave thee birth? while rivers run into the sea, while shadows move across the hollows in the hills, while the empyrean feeds the stars, thy honour,

name, and deeds shall last, whatever lands invite me." So speaking, he clasped his friend Ilioneus with his right hand, and with his left Serestus, then the others, Gyas the brave, and brave Cloanthus.

Sidonian Dido stood in wonderment, first at the aspect, then at the great ill-fortune of the hero, and thus exclaimed: "What fate, O son of a goddess, follows thee through such great perils? What force impels thee to these savage shores? Art thou that Æneas, whom to Dardan Anchises gracious Venus bare by the waters of Phrygian Simois? And indeed I remember Teucer coming to Sidon when expelled from his native land, in search of a new kingdom by the help of Belus; at that time my father Belus was wasting opulent Cyprus, and ruling it with sovereignty as a victor. E'en from that time I have known the fall of the Trojan city, and thy name, and the Pelasgian kings. Thy foe himself used to extol the Teucrians with lofty praise, and boast that he had sprung from the ancient stock of the Teucrians. Come then, ye heroes, enter my palace. Me, too, a similar fate drove to and fro through many straits, and willed me at length to settle in this land. Not ignorant of woe myself I have learnt to help the unhappy." So speaking, she leads Æneas into her royal palace, and at the same time orders sacrifice in the temples of the gods. Also, meantime, she sends to the shore for his comrades twenty bulls, a hundred huge swine with bristly backs, a hundred lambkins with their dams, and a present of joy-inspiring wine (636). But the interior

636. *Munera lætitiæque dei*: lit. 'gifts and joy (i.e. joyous gifts) of the god.' Another hendiadys, *munera lætitiæque = lætifera munera, dei = Bacchi*.

of the palace is being made splendid with regal magnificence, and they are preparing a banquet in the centre of the building: the coverlets were curiously embroidered and of princely purple, there was massy silver plate upon the board, and chased in gold the brave deeds of her ancestry, a long line of exploits continued through many a hero from the primal origin of the nation.

Æneas, for his fatherly affection did not allow his mind to rest, sends Achates swiftly to the ships, to tell Ascanius these things, and bring (the boy) himself to the city: all the anxiety of the loving father centred in Ascanius. Also he bids him bring the presents rescued from the ruins of Ilium, a garment stiff with ornaments of gold, and a veil bordered with saffron-hued acanthus, the robes of Argive Helen, which, when she sailed for Troy and her unlawful spousals, she had carried off from Mycenæ, a splendid gift of her mother Leda: the sceptre, too, which Ilione, eldest of Priam's daughters, whilom bore, and her necklace of pearls, and her double coronet (adorned) with gems and gold. Hastening (to do) these things, Achates bends his course to the ships.

But Cytherea devises in her breast fresh arts and fresh designs, for Cupid, changed in mien and features, to come instead of sweet Ascanius, and inflame the queen to madness with his gifts, and pour his fire into her marrow: for she dreads the treacherous palace and the double-tongued Tyrians; fell Juno frets her, and her care returns as night falls. Therefore she addresses winged Love with these words: "O son, sole (source of) my strength and mighty potency, O son, who spurnest the Typhoian (664) thunder-

664. *Typhoia tela*, i.e. the bolts with which he smote Typhœus.

bolts of the supreme king, to thee I fly for help, and as a suppliant invoke thy power. Thou knowest how thy brother is being tost on the deep, round every shore by the hatred of ruthless Juno, and thou hast ofttimes sorrowed at my sorrow. Phœnician Dido holds him now, and detains him with words of blandishment, and I dread the issue of Juno's hospitality (671), she will not be idle in such a turning-point of her affairs. Therefore I mean to anticipate by craft the queen, and to compass her with love-fires that she may not change by any influence, and may with me be bound by deep love for Æneas. Hear now my thought how thou mayest compass this: the royal boy, my chiefest care, is preparing to go to the Sidonian city at the summons of his beloved father, with gifts, preserved to Troy from flood and fire; him will I steep in slumber and hide in hallowed nook on high Cythera or Idalium, lest he learn my plot or appear in the midst of it. Do thou for only a single night personate his form, and being a boy thyself, don a boy's wonted lineaments, that, when Dido in the height of her pleasure over the banquet and the flowing wine (686) shall take thee to her bosom, and give thee caresses, and press sweet kisses on thee, thou mayest breathe fire unseen into her, and poison her unobserved." Cupid obeys the words of his beloved mother, and doffs his wings, and walks delightedly with the gait of Iulus.

671. *quo se Junonia, &c.*: lit. 'whither Junonian hospitalities may turn themselves,' i.e. where they will end, how they will turn out.

686. *laticemque Lyæum*: lit. 'Lyæan draught.' Lyæus being a surname of Bacchus.

But Venus sheds dewy peaceful sleep through the limbs of Ascanius, and the goddess bears him, nestled in her bosom, to the lofty groves of Idalia, where soft amaracus breathing with odorous leaves and flowers, enfolds him.

Meanwhile, obeying her behest, Cupid was on his way with princely presents for the Tyrians, delighted with his guide Acestes. When he arrived, the queen had already arranged herself beneath a gorgeous awning upon a golden couch, and placed herself in the centre of it. Already King Æneas and the men of Troy were assembled, and were reclining on outspread (coverlets of) purple. Attendants give them water for their hands, and serve out bread from baskets, and bring smooth-haired napkins. Within are fifty handmaidens, whose care it is to furnish the abundant food in due order, and keep fire burning on the hearth (704). A hundred others are there, and as many men-servants, all of one age, to pile the board with cates and arrange the goblets. The Tyrians, too, came flocking through the joyous palace, having been invited to recline on the embroidered (coverlets of) purple. They admire the gifts of Æneas, they admire Iulus and the glowing features of the god, and his deceitful words, and the robe, and the veil embroidered with saffron-coloured acanthus. Above all, the unfortunate Phœnician queen, doomed to her coming fate, cannot satisfy her soul, and her eagerness increases with gazing at them, and she is moved equally by the boy and by his presents. He, having

704. *flammis adolere penates*: lit. 'honour the gods of the hearth with fires.' The exact meaning of *adolere* is not known. See Conington's note on Eclogue viii. 66.

embraced and hung upon the neck of Æneas, and satisfied the love of his pretended father, approaches the queen. She cleaves to him with her eyes, and with all her soul, and sometimes lets him nestle in her lap, poor Dido, witless of how great a god is settling down upon her. He, mindful of his Acidalian mother, begins by degrees to banish (the memory of) Sychæus, and tries to surprise with living love her long-chilled feelings and her deadened heart.

As soon as there was quiet at the feast, and the tables were removed, they place the bowls and wreath the wine with garlands. Noise rises in the hall, and the voices roll through the wide chamber: lighted lamps hang down from the golden ceiling, and tapers vanquish darkness with their flames. Then the queen calls for, and fills with wine, the goblet heavy with gems and gold, which Belus, and all after Belus, were wont to use. Then silence was made in the hall:—"Jupiter," (she exclaims), "for men say that thou imposest laws on hosts, grant that this may be a joyful day both for the Tyrians and for those who have come from Troy, and that our descendants may remember it. Let Bacchus, giver of delight, be with us, and kindly Juno: and do ye, my Tyrians, keep up this meeting cheerily (735)." She spake, and poured an offering of wine upon the board, and the libation over, first touched (the goblet) with her lips, then gave it, bidding him be quick, to Bitias: he drained the foaming beaker with good will, and swilled himself with the brimming (cup of) gold: the other nobles follow. Long-haired Iopas fills the hall with his

735. *cætum celebrate faventes*: lit. 'solemnize this gathering auspiciously.'

golden lyre, the pupil he of mighty Atlas. He chaunts the revolutions of the moon, and the sun's eclipses ; the origin of men and beasts ; of fire and water ; Arcturus and the rainy Hyades, and the two Wains ; and why the suns of winter haste so fast to dip themselves in ocean, and what delay impedes its slowly-moving nights. The Tyrians wax louder in their applause ; and the Trojans follow them. And luckless Dido, too, prolonged the night in various discourse, and drank long draughts of love, asking of Priam much, of Hector much ; now, in what armour came Aurora's son ; now, what the steeds of Diomede were like ; and now, how huge Achilles towered. "Nay come," she said, "my guest, tell us from the beginning the treachery of the Danaan, and the misfortunes of thy nation, and thine own wanderings : for 'tis the seventh summer now which finds thee wandering over sea and land."

BOOK II.

SILENT were all, with faces held attent. Then from his lofty couch thus King Æneas began :—

“Dreadful, O queen, is the sorrow thou biddest me revive, (by telling) how the Danaans miserably o’erthrew the power and realm of Troy ; and the piteous deeds I saw myself, and those whereof I have been no small part. What Myrmidon, or what Dolopian, what soldier of stubborn Ulysses, in speaking of such things, could keep from tears ? Already, too, is dewy night down-speeding from the pole, and setting stars counsel repose. But if so great thy wish to learn our sufferings, and hear, in brief, Troy’s final agony—although my soul shudders and shrinks (12) in anguish from recalling it—I will essay.

“Broken by war and driven back by fate, so many years already gliding by, the chieftains of the Danaï, by a device of the goddess Pallas, construct a horse, high as a mountain, and form its sides of pine-planks ; they pretend that it is a votive offering for their (safe) return ; so goes the story forth. In it, in its dark flank, they stealthily conceal picked warriors—chosen by lot, and they completely fill the huge hollow of its womb with an armed band.

“In sight lay Tenedos, an isle renowned by fame and rich in wealth while Priam’s empire stood, now a mere bay and roadstead insecure ; thither they

12. *refugit*: lit. ‘hath shrunk.’ “The perfect seems best explained as expressing the instantaneous and instinctive action of the feeling.”—*Conington*.

went and hid themselves on its deserted shore. We thought they had gone away and sailed with the wind for Mycenæ. So all Teucria was freed from its long misery. Open our gates are flung: with joy we troop to see the Dorian camp, the posts abandoned, and the deserted shore. Here the Dolopian squadrons used to camp, here terrible Achilles; here was the station of their fleet; and here they used to fight with us in battle. Some stare in wonderment at the offering to the virgin Minerva, and marvel at the horse's giant bulk; and Thymœtes was the first to advise that it be dragged within our walls and placed in the citadel, either by treachery he, or because the destiny of Troy so willed it now. But Capys, and they whose minds had wiser thoughts, bid us hurl the snares and suspicious offering of the Danaans into the sea, and place fire beneath it and consume it; or pierce and explore the hollow recesses of the womb. The wavering multitude are divided into opposite factions.

"Then first in front of all, a great crowd flocking with him, Laocoon comes fiercely running down from the topmost citadel, and from afar (he cries), 'My hapless countrymen, what monstrous madness is this? Trust ye that the foe hath gone away? or think ye that any Danaan gifts are void of treachery? Was thus Ulysses known to you? Shut in this (thing ot) wood Achæans are concealed, or 'gainst our walls this engine was contrived to peer into our homes and come down on our city from above, or some deceit lurks (here): trust not the horse ye Teucrians. Whate'er it be, I dread the Danaans e'en when they offer gifts.' So speaking, at the flank and rounded

planking of the monster's belly (51) he hurled with potent strength his mighty spear. Quivering it stood, and in the shaken womb the caverns sounded hollow and gave out a groan. And had such been the decree of heaven, had our minds been wise (54), he would have moved us to spoil with steel the lurking-place of the Argives, and Troy would now be standing, and thou, O lofty citadel of Priam, wouldst be remaining still.

"Meanwhile, behold! some Dardan shepherds came dragging with loud shouts before the king, an unknown youth with hands secured behind his back, who, to effect this very thing and lay Troy open to the Achæans, had purposely thrown himself in their way; confident of soul was he, and ready for either fate, to carry out his crafty scheme, or yield to certain death. The men of Troy, in their eagerness to see him, come rushing up in crowds from all sides, and strive amain to mock the captive. Hear now the treachery of the Danaans, and from a single crime learn what they all are like. For as he stood in the midst of the gazing throng, scared and helpless, and looked round upon the ranks of Phrygia: 'Alas!' he cried, 'what sea, what land can now receive me? or what remains now for a wretch like me? There is no place for me among the Danaans' and the hostile Dardans, too, claim satisfaction from me with my life.' At this sad plaint our hearts were changed, and every act of violence was stayed. We

51. *curvam compagibus alvum*: lit. 'belly curved with planking?'

54. *non læva*: lit. 'not foolish:' these words are to be taken closely together.

bid him speak, and tell his lineage and his errand, and to what he trusted being a captive. At length he laid aside his fear and thus began :—

“Indeed, O King, I’ll tell thee all the truth what-e’er result, and I will not deny that I am of Argive blood ; this to begin with, for if Fortune hath made Sinon miserable, vile as she is, she shall not also make him feign and lie. If e’er in talk perchance hath reached your ears at all the name and reputation voiced by fame of Palamedes, Belus’ son (82), whom on false information the Pelasgians, innocent as he was, dismissed by a nefarious doom to death, because he opposed this war, and whom bereft of life they now deplore : with him as comrade I, and near by kin, was from my early years sent here to battle by my needy sire. While he stood firm in kingly state, and was potent in the councils of our kings, I, too, had reputation and a name. When by the spite of crafty Ulysses—I tell a well-known tale—he left the realms of day (91), struck down I lingered out my life in obscurity and sorrow, and mourned with myself over the fate of my innocent friend. And fool that I was, I did not hold my peace and engaged myself his avenger, should any chance present itself, and should I e’er return in victory to my native Argos ; and by my words I stirred up a bitter enemy. From this time forth began the downward course of my misfortunes, from this time forth Ulysses never ceased to fright me with fresh charges, and to

82. *Belida* : Belus was the grandfather of the grandmother of Palamedes.

91. *superis oris* : lit. ‘upper regions.’

scatter dubious words among the people, and to seek as a conspirator for accomplices. Nor did he rest, indeed, until with Calchas as his tool—but why do I vainly tell this thankless tale? Why do I stop you, if you put all Achæans on one level; and to hear that I am one is enough for you. Take ye at once your vengeance; this would the Ithacan wish, and this the sons of Atreus pay for largely.’

“Then indeed we are all on fire to learn and ask the cause, witless of villainy so great and Pelasgic craft. Faltering he proceeds, and from his false heart speaks:—

“‘Oft wished the Danaans to leave Troy and fly, and wearied by long warfare to depart; and would that they had done so! But oft the rough sea stopt them with its storms, and Auster frighted them as they were going. Above all, when this horse (completed) stood of maple planks compact, the storm-clouds thundered over all the welkin. Alarmed we send Eurypylus to consult the oracles of Phœbus, and from the shrine he brings back these terrific words: ‘With blood of virgin slain ye soothed the winds, O Danaans, when first ye came to the shores of Ilium; with blood ye must purchase your return, and with an Argive life win an answer to your prayers.’ When this saying came to the ears of the people, their minds were astonished, and cold horror ran through their inmost marrow, for whom do the fates mean death, they ask, whom does Apollo claim. Hereupon the Ithacan drags forth into the midst with much vehemence the prophet Calchas, and insists on knowing what the will of heaven is. And already many a one began to foretell to me the cruel wickedness of the trickster,

and silently foresaw what was coming. For fifteen days the prophet spake not, and shut up (in his tent) refused to denounce any one or doom him to death. At length with difficulty, forced by the loud objections of the Ithacan, he breaks silence by agreement, and marks me for the altar. They all approved, and turned and carried to the destruction of one poor wretch the fate which each feared for himself. And now the dreadful day was come: for me the sacred vessels were being prepared, and salted meal, and the fillets were round my temples; I snatched myself, I own it, from destruction, and brake my fetters, and in a muddy pool throughout the night screened in the sedge I lay, till they should sail, if haply they had done so. And now I have not any hope of seeing my (dear) old (137) native land, my darling children, and my longed-for sire; and they perchance will punish them for my escape, and expiate my fault with the blood of those hapless creatures. So by the gods above, and by those powers who know the truth, by all the untainted faith which anywhere still remains in any place to men, pity, I beseech thee, sufferings so great, pity a soul enduring woes so undeserved.'

"We grant him his life to these tears; and more, we pity him. Priam himself is the first to order the manacles and tight-drawn fetters to be removed from the man, and thus addresses him with kindly words: 'Whoe'er thou art, at once henceforth dismiss and forget the Greeks: thou shalt be one of us, and

137. *antiquam patriam*; so we speak of 'old England.' This is Conington and Wagner's interpretation. Gossan thinks the words have the same meaning as in iv. 633.

tell me the truth of this I ask. To what end have they raised the structure of this enormous horse? who was the adviser? what are their aims? is it for a religious purpose, or is it an instrument of war?' So spake (the king). He, versed in deceit and Pelasgian craft, raised to heaven his hands from fetters freed. 'To ye, eternal luminaries,' he cried, 'and to your power inviolable, I appeal; to ye, O altars, and the accursed swords I fled from, and the fillets of the gods which I wore as a victim: it is right for me to break the oath-sanctioned ties which bind me to the Greeks (157); it is right for me to hate those men, and to bring to light all things which they conceal: and I am not bound by any of my country's laws. Only do thou, O Troy, abide by thine engagements, and when preserved preserve thy faith to me, if I shall tell thee truth, and make (to thee) large recompense.

"All the hopes of the Danaans and their confidence about the war begun (by them), always rested on the aid of Pallas. But, indeed, when impious Tydides, and Ulysses the contriver of the crime, ventured to tear away the fatal image of Pallas from its hallowed shrine, and having slain the guardians of the topmost citadel, seized the sacred effigy, and dared with gory hands to touch the virgin fillets of the goddess. From that time forth the hopes of the Danaans began to ebb, and sink, and recede; their strength was broken, and the mind of the goddess estranged. And Tritonia gave signs of this by

157. *sacrata jura*: lit. 'the rights of the Greeks (over me) sanctioned by oath;' i.e. by the *sacramentum* taken by him as a soldier.

no doubtful portents. Scarcely had the image been set up in our camp, (when) gleaming fire flashed from its levelled eyes, and salt sweat ran along its limbs, and the goddess herself—wondrous to tell—thrice started up from the ground with her shield and quivering lance. Calchas forthwith declares that we must try the sea in flight, and that Troy cannot be destroyed by the arms of Argives unless they return for fresh auspices at Argos, and bring back the divine favour which they brought away with them across the sea in their curved vessels (179). And now, since they have sailed with the wind for Mycenæ, they are getting men and gods to join them, and they will recross the sea and be here when unexpected. So Calchas expounds the omens. Warned (by him) to make amends for the image of Pallas, and the insult offered to her dignity, they have set up this image to expiate their grievous sin. But Calchas bade them rear in vast bulk with jointed beams this structure, and build it skyward, that it might not be received within your gates, or drawn within your walls, and make your people safe beneath the old religious influence (188). For should your hands,' (he said), 'do violence to the offering for Minerva, then great destruction—and may the gods avert, ere that, the omen on himself—would come upon Priam's empire and the Phrygians: but if by your hands it went up into your city, Asia would her-

179. i.e. when they first set out on their expedition from Aulis.

188. i.e. The horse being *pro Palladio* would confer the same immunity from destruction upon the Trojan which the Palladium had previously conferred.

self (193) come with a mighty host against the city of Pelops, and that doom awaited our children.’

“By such a snare as this, and by the craft of perjured Sinon, the thing was believed; and by guile and forced tears the men were caught, whom Tydeus’ son and Larissæan Achilles, ten years of battle and a thousand ships had failed to vanquish.

“Here a greater and much more direful sight confronted our doomed people, and alarmed their heedless hearts. Laocoon, drawn by lot the priest of Neptune, was sacrificing a huge bull before the customary altars. And lo! across the tranquil sea from Tenedos—I shudder as I relate it—two serpents press forward on the deep in mighty folds, and side by side approach our shores: their breasts erect amidst the waves and their blood-red manes o’ertop the billows; their other parts float on the flood behind, and move in sinuous folds their enormous bodies. A noise goes up from the sea as it foams (around them). And now they reach the land, their sparkling eyes suffused with blood and fire, and lick with flickering tongues their sibilant mouths. We fly in all directions bloodless at the sight. They in unswerving course make for Laocoon: and first the little bodies of his two sons each snake enfolds in its embrace, and biting battens on their miserable limbs: and next himself, rushing with weapons to the rescue, they seize and fetter with their enormous spires: and now twice folded round his trunk, their scaly bulk twice coiled around his neck, they tower above him with

193. *ultra*: i.e. would not only repulse the Greeks, but more, would herself retaliate by making an expedition against them. Compare the use of this word in line 145—*miserescimus ultra*.

their heads and upraised necks. He tries to tear away their knots with his hands, his sacred-fillets dabbled with gore and deadly venom, and at the same time sends up horrific shrieks to heaven. Such is the bellowing of the bull what time he wounded from the altar flies, and shakes the ill-aimed axe from off his neck. But the two snakes glide away to the topmost temple, and seek the citadel of cruel Tritonis, and hide themselves at the feet of the goddess beneath the orb of her shield. Then, indeed, a fresh panic steals through the trembling hearts of all, and they say that Laocoon has justly paid for his sin, in that he outraged the sacred (image of) wood with his spear-point and hurled his wicked lance against its back. All shout together for it to be brought into the temple, and for the divine assistance of the goddess to be implored. We make a breach in our walls, and throw open the fortifications of our city. All apply themselves to the task, and place rolling wheels beneath its feet, and fasten ropes of twine to its neck. The fatal engine, teeming with warriors, scales our walls : boys and unwedded girls chaunt hymns around it, and are delighted to touch the rope with their hands. It enters, and glides threatening into the middle of the city. O my country ! O Ilium, habitation of the gods, and thou war-famous city of the sons of Dardanus ! four times in the very threshold of the entrance it stopt, and four times the armour sounded in its womb. But we press on heedless and blind with infatuation, and set up the fatal monster in the consecrated citadel. Then, too, Cassandra for our coming doom opens her lips by heaven's decree ne'er trusted by the Teucrians. We hapless wretches,

whose last day that was, deck the shrines of the gods throughout our city with festal garlands.

“Meanwhile, heaven turns, and night comes rushing from the ocean, shrouding with shadow vast both earth and sky, and the wiles of the Myrmidons. Stretched out in silence lie the Teucrians throughout the city, while slumber binds their weary limbs. And now the Argive armament advanced with serried ships from Tenedos, making for the well-known strand amid the friendly silence of the quiet moon, when the king’s ship raised the fire-signal, and sheltered by the partial favour of the gods, Sinon stealthily loosens the bolts of pine-wood, and frees the imprisoned Danaans from the (horse’s) womb. The horse opens and gives them back to air, and with joy they pour from their oaken cave (260), Thessandrus, and Sthenelus, the princes, and terrible Ulysses, gliding down the pendent rope; and Acamas, and Thoas, and Neoptolemus the grandson of Peleus, and great Machaon (263), and Menelaus, and Epeus, too, who built the treacherous steed. They rush upon our city buried in sleep and wine, they slay the warders, and through the open gates receive their comrades, and join the ranks of their accomplices.

“It was the hour when their first sleep begins for weary mortals, and by the gift of heaven creeps o’er them very sweetly: lo! in my sleep there seemed to stand before my eyes (the form of) Hector, woe-begone and shedding floods of tears: torn by the

260. *cavo robore*: lit. ‘hollow oak.’

263. *primus*: ‘among the first,’ Heyne: ‘who came out the first,’ Henry. Conington is not satisfied with either interpretation.

chariot, as whilome he was, and black with gory dust and with the thongs passed through his swollen feet. Ah me! how sad he looked: how changed from the Hector returning when he had donned the armour of Achilles, or had hurled the fires of Phrygia on the Danaan fleet. His beard was rugged, matted with blood his locks, and he bore the many wounds which he received (when dragged) round his native walls. Methought I also wept, and spake first to the hero, pouring out words of woe:—‘Light of the land of Dardanus, O truest hope of Teucria, what long delays have kept thee? long looked-for Hector, from what land comest thou? After so many of thy friends have fallen, after woes of all kinds to our people and the city, how (gladly), wearied as we are, we look on thee. What shameful cause hath marred thy cheerful features? Whence come these wounds I see (286)?’ He spake not, he heeded not my vain inquiries, but heaving from the bottom of his breast a heavy groan: ‘Son of a goddess,’ he cried; ‘away and save thyself from these flames. The foe is on the walls: Troy tumbles from the topmost citadel. Thou hast done enow for Priam and for Troy; could Pergama be saved by the hand (of man), saved would it have been by mine. To thee the sacred vessels Troy entrusts, and her Penates: take them to share thy destiny, seek for them the mighty city, which thou wilt build at last after having wandered over all the deep.’ So speaking, he brings forth in his hands from the inmost shrine the filleted (image) of mighty Vesta, and the undying fire.

286. *aut cur hæc vulnera cerno*: lit. ‘or from what cause do I see these wounds?’

“Meanwhile the city is filled with wide-spread agony confused, and although the palace of my father Anchises stood by itself apart and screened by trees, more and more loud the uproar waxes, and the alarum of battle deepens. I shake myself from sleep, and climb to the top of the sloping roof, and stand with ears attent: as, when fire falls on standing-corn while winds are raging, or the rapid torrent of a mountain stream levels the fields and bounteous crops and the oxen’s labours, the shepherd stands in ignorant wonderment as he hears the noise from the lofty summit of a rock. Then indeed the truth was clear, and the treachery of the Danaans plain. Already the mansion of Deïphobus, fire o’er-matching it, had fallen in wide-spread ruin; already (the mansion of) his neighbour Ucalegon was in flames; the sea off Sigeum gleams far and wide with fire. The shouts of men, and the bray of trumpets rise. Frenzied I seize my arms: yet there was no sense in doing so (314): but my soul burns to collect a band for battle, and to rush with comrades to the citadel; madness and wrath impel my mind, and I feel (317) that it is glorious to die fighting.

“But lo! Panthus having escaped from the weapons of the Argives, Panthus the son of Othrys, the priest of Phoebus in the citadel, dragging with him the sacred vessels, and his vanquished gods, and his little grandson, comes running distractedly to my gates. ‘Where is the crisis of the struggle, Panthus?

314. *in armis*: lit. ‘and there is not enough of reason in (taking) arms.’

317. *succurrit*: lit. ‘it occurs to me.’

what citadel have we occupied (322)?' Scarce had I said this, when thus he answered with a groan: 'The last day and the inevitable hour have come for the land of Dardanus. Perished have we of Troy, perished has Ilium and the great glory of the Teucrians; cruel Jupiter has transferred everything to Argos: the Danaans are masters in our burning city. High towering in the midst of it the horse pours forth armed men, and Sinon, having gained his end, is spreading fire around with taunts. Some are at our double gates—as many thousands as e'er came from great Mycenæ; others block up our narrow streets, confronting us with weapons; the steel points of their glittering blades stand bare and ready for the slaughter: the guardians of our gates are fighting with difficulty at the entrance, and resisting with blind struggles.' Moved by these words of Othrys' son, and heaven's will, I rush to battle and the flames, where grim Erinyes summons, and the din and clamour upward to the welkin borne. Rhipeus and Epytus, in war most mighty, join me as allies, having met me in the moonlight, and Hypanis, and Dymas, and they throng to my side, with young Corœbus son of Mydon. He in those days by chance had come to Troy, fired with an insane passion for Cassandra, and as a son-in-law brought help to Priam and the Phrygians, hapless for having heeded not the words of the mad maiden, his betrothed. And when I saw them massed and of good courage for the fray, I also with these words begin: 'O heroes, hearts

322. *Quo res, &c.* Or 'in what position is (= how fares) the state? What (= in what condition) do I find the citadel?'

most dauntless though in vain, if your will is fixed to follow one who dares a desperate enterprise, you see what fortune rests on our affairs. Altars and shrines abandoned all the gods have 'gone by whom this empire stood: the city which you succour is in flames: let us die (353), and rush into the thick of battle. The sole salvation for the vanquished is to look for no salvation.' These words added fury to the spirits of the men. Anon, like ravening wolves in a dark mist, when the ungoverned rage of hunger drives them blindly forth, and their lorn whelps with parched throats expect them, through darts, through foes, we march to certain death, and hold our way through the midst of the city; dark night floats round us with its ambient shade. Who may unfold in speech the slaughter and the carnage of that night, or mate with tears its agonies? Our ancient city crashes down, after many years of sovranity; and the bodies of many helpless creatures are strown*dispersedly about in the streets, and in houses, and the hallowed precincts of the gods. Nor are the Teucrians alone amerced with death; at times courage returns into the breasts even of the vanquished, and the victorious Danaans fall. On all sides bitter agony, on all sides fear, and many a shape of death.

"Androgeos, followed by a large band of Danaans, is the first to meet us, and thinking in his ignorance that we are a troop of his companions, hails us with friendly words: 'Quick, sirs, what sloth is this which makes ye lag so late? while burning Pergana is sacked and spoiled by others, ye are but coming

353. *moriatur*: i.e. let us choose death. Not a case of βατερον πρότερον.

now from your tall ships.' He spake, and straight, for no reply which he could trust was given, felt himself fallen into the midst of foes. He stood amazed, and stayed his foot and tongue. Like one who struggling through rough briars treads at un-awares upon a serpent on the ground, and straight starts back in terror when it rears its angry crest, and swells its dark-green neck (381); not otherwise Androgeos trembled at our sight and tried to fly. We charge and pour around them with thronged spears, and slay them far and wide surprised with fear and ignorant of the ground. Fortune assists our first assay of arms. And here Corœbus, flushed with success and courage, cries, 'Let us advance, my friends, where fortune first points out the road to safety, and shews herself propitious. Let us change shields, and don the Danaans' accoutrements. Or fraud or force who asks against a foe? Themselves shall give us arms.' So spake he, and puts on Androgeos' hairy helm, and fair emblazoned shield, and girds an Argive falchion to his side. Rhipeus does this, and Dymas too, and all the exulting band: and each man arms himself with his fresh-gained spoils. Mixed with the Danaans we advance under protection not our own, and closing many a fight we wage in the dim night, and many a Danaan send down to Orcus. Some fly dispersedly to their ships, and run to the trusty shore; others in foul fear scale again the monstrous horse, and hide themselves in its well-known womb.

"Alas, no man should put his trust in adverse

381. *Attollentem iras, &c.*: lit. 'raising wrath and swelling as to its cœrulean neck.'

gods. Lo, from Minerva's temple and shrine, with hair dishevelled, was being dragged Cassandra, Priam's daughter, stretching in vain her flashing eyes to heaven, for bonds restrained her tender hands. With mind distraught Corœbus brooked not that sight, and hurled himself into the midst of the band to die; we follow all, and charge with serried arms. Here for the first time we are o'erwhelmed by the darts of our own people from the lofty temple's roof; and a most piteous work of death ensues, by reason of the appearance of our arms, and the error rising from our Grecian helms. Then, too, the Danaans with yells and ire anent the rescued maid, collect from all sides and charge, Ajax with fury fired, and the two sons of Atreus, and all the host of the Dolopians: like winds which, when the tempest bursts, close crashing front to front: Notus and Zephyrus, and with his orient steeds exultant Eurys: the forests roar, and Nereus foaming rages with his trident, and stirs the sea from its lowest depths. They also, whom in the dim night through the darkness we scattered by our stratagem and drove throughout the city, appear; they are the first to recognise our shields and spears delusive, and to note our voices alien in sound. Forthwith we are overwhelmed by numbers; Corœbus is the first to fall by the hand of Peneleus at the altar of the armipotent goddess: falls Rhipeus too, who among the Teucrians was the one most just, and most observant of the right; such was the hard decree of heaven (428); Hypanis, too, and Dymas perished, transfixed by their own friends: and thee, O Panthus, thy great

428. *Dis aliter visum*: lit. 'the goddess decided otherwise,'

piety and Apollo's fillet saved not from falling. Ashes of Ilium, and ye funeral flames of my compatriots, I call on ye to witness that in your last hour I shrank from not one missile or onset (433) of the Danaans, and that, had it been my fate to fall, by fighting I deserved it. Then we are forced away, Iphitus and Pelias with myself, (Iphitus already heavy with years, and Pelias lamed by a blow from Ulysses,) by the uproar summoned straight to Priam's palace. And here a mighty battle we behold, as if there were no fighting elsewhere and men in all the city were not dying, so desperate was the struggle, Danaans to the palace rushing, and its gates besieged by the tortoise driven up to them. Ladders are fast against the walls, and men climb up the steps by the very door-posts, and under cover oppose with their left arms their shields to the missiles, and clutch the parapets with their right. On the other side, the Dardans tear down turret and covered house-top; and in their hour of extreme need, seeing the end approach, strive with these missiles to defend themselves. They roll down gilded beams, the stately glories of their bygone sires; others with drawn swords block the gates below, and guard them in serried ranks. My courage is restored to succour the king's palace, to help with aid its defenders, and to give force to the vanquished.

"There was an entrance, and a secret door, a passage leading through (454) the palace of Priam,

i.e. otherwise than they might have been expected to decide about so good a man.

433. *vices*: 'hand to hand encounter,' as opposed to *tela*.

454. *Tectorum inter se*, "seems to mean merely that by enter-

a postern-gate, by which, while the empire stood, poor Andromache used oft to pass alone to her parents-in-law, and lead the boy Astyanax to his grandsire. I mount to the sloping roof-top, whence the hapless Teucrians were hurling their useless weapons. On the precipitous edge a tower stood, built up in lofty structure star-ward, whence oft were viewed all Troy, and the Danaan ships, and the Achæan camp; this we assay with iron where the tall stories made the mortices less strong, and dislodge it from its lofty coign, and push it: sudden it slips, and with a crash draws ruin, and far and wide falls on the Danaan ranks. But others come up, and stones meanwhile and every kind of missile cease not flying.

“Before the vestibule itself, and on the threshold’s edge bounds Pyrrhus, glistening with arms of gleaming brass, as when a snake fed upon noxious herbs, who sweltering lay beneath the ground through the cold winter, and now fresh with casted slough, and sleek with youth, rolls its smooth coils into the light, with towered crest erect against the sun, its three-forked tongue (475) a-flickering in its mouth. Together giant Periphas, and Achilles’ charioteer, Automedon the armour-bearer, together all the men of Scyros, approach the palace, and hurl fire against the roof. Pyrrhus himself, among the first, seizes an axe and bursts through the stubborn doors, and tears the brazen gate-posts from their hinges: soon hath he hewn a panel out and pierced the sturdy oak, and

ing this door, you might pass from room to room.”—*Conington. relict* and *tergo*, poet. paraphrase for *postica*.

475. *et linguis, &c.*: lit. ‘and flickers in its mouth with three-forked tongue.’

made a wide rift with broad orifice. The court within is seen, and the long hall open, and seen are the inmost chambers of Priam and the kings of old, and seen the armed men standing on the threshold's edge.

"But the inner court is filled with groans and piteous confusion, and the vaulted halls within ring with the shrieks of women: the clamour strikes the golden stars. Then frightened matrons rush through the spacious palace, and clasp the pillars and kiss them. Pyrrhus comes on with all his father's force: nor bolts, nor guards, can stop him: the portal totters beneath the incessant ram, the door-posts started from their hinges fall. Force makes a way: the Danaans burst the entrance, and pouring in cut down the foremost, and fill the ample spaces with armed men. The foaming river, when it bursts its dam and rushes forth, and bears down the opposing mound, does not so fiercely sweep in a mass into the fields, and whirl the cattle and their stalls along the plain. I myself saw Neoptolemus, mad with slaughter, and the two sons of Atreus, at the entrance; I saw Hecuba and her hundred daughters, and Priam among the altars defiling with his blood the fires himself had consecrated. The fifty bridal-chambers, with the great hopes they gave of children's children, the lintels rich with barbaric gold and spoils, fell: the Danaans are masters where the fire fails.


"Perchance, too, thou mayst ask what was the end of Priam. When he saw the fall of his captured city, and the destruction of his palace-gates, and the foe in the midst of his inner-chambers, the old man vainly binds upon his shoulder, tremulous with age,

his long-disused armour, and girds on his useless sword, and moves towards the serried foemen to die. In the midst of the palace, under the heaven's clear cope, stood a large altar, and hard-by an ancient laurel overhanging the altar, and covering the penates with its shade. Here Hecuba and her daughters, like doves by gloomy tempest driven, sate vainly crowded round the altar, embracing the images of their gods. But when she saw Priam himself clad in the armour of his younger days, 'O husband mine most wretched,' she exclaims, 'what dreadful thought hath moved thee to assume these weapons? whither art thou hasting? The hour admits not succour of this kind, nor aids like those: nor (would it) were my Hector himself now here. Come hither while thou mayst; this altar will protect us all, or thou wilt die with us.' So speaking, she drew the old king to herself, and placed him on the consecrated seat.

"But lo! escaped through darts and foes from Pyrrhus' slaughtering hand, Polites, Priam's son, comes flying through the long arcades, and traverses the empty halls, sore-wounded: him eager Pyrrhus follows with uplifted strokes, and every instant all but seizes him, and presses him hard with his spear: and when at last he came forth before the eyes and faces of his parents, he fell, and with a torrent of blood gasped out his life. Then Priam, though in the very coils of death, did not restrain himself, and forbore nor speech nor wrath. 'Ah,' he exclaims, 'for such a crime, and such a deed, may the gods, if there be any feeling in the heavens to heed such acts, pay a fit recompense, and bestow the guerdon due. Thou hast made me look upon the death of my son, and

defiled with his murder the eyes of me his father. The great Achilles, whom thou falsely callest sire, was not like this to his foe, Priam ; but he revered the rights and confidence of a suppliant, and gave up the lifeless corpse of Hector for sepulture, and sent me back to my realm.' So spake the aged monarch, and discharged his nerveless, strokeless weapon ; it fell back at once from the ringing shield of brass, and hung idly from the surface of the boss. Pyrrhus to him : ' Take this, then, and go with tidings to my sire, Pelides ; and fail not to tell him of my cruel deeds, and that Neoptolemus is a degenerate son. Now die !' So speaking, he to the very altars dragged him, trembling and slipping in pools of his son's blood, and clutched his hair with his left hand, and with his right lifted his gleaming falchion, and buried it up to the hilt in his side. Such was the end of Priam's fortunes : such the death, which by fate took—with Troy in flames before his eyes, and Pergama in ruins—him, who of so many nations proud and realms ere-while was lord of Asia. His huge trunk lies upon the shore, the head from shoulders severed, a nameless corpse.

" But then for the first time dread horror fell upon me. I stood astonished : methought I saw the form of my beloved father, when I beheld the king, his mate in years, gasp out his life beneath the cruel wound : methought I saw Creusa desolate, and my home destroyed, and the fate of young Iulus. I turn my gaze, and scan what men are with me. Forespent with toil they all abandoned me, and threw their wearied bodies with a spring to the ground, or gave them to the flames.



“And now, indeed, I stood alone ; when keeping close within the temple of Vesta, and crouching mute in secret hiding-place, I spy the Tyndarid ; the bright glare lights me as I pace about, and throw my eyes around on all sides : she, the common bane of Troy and her own land, in prescient fear of the hate of Troy for Pergama o’erthrown, of vengeance from the Danaans, and of the wrath of her deserted husband, had hidden herself, and sate, a hateful thing, beside the altars. My mind took fire : an angry thought came on me to avenge my falling country, and take vengeance on the wicked creature. Shall she, forsooth, unhurt, behold her native Sparta and Mycenæ ? Shall she depart like a queen with victory gained, and see, attended by a train of Trojan dames, and Phrygian slaves, home, husband, parents, children ? And Priam have fallen by the sword ? Troy burnt in fire ? and Dardan land so often reeked with gore ? Not so. For though no memorable flame lies in a woman’s chastisement, although this conquest has no glory, yet shall praise be mine for having quenched the accursed thing and taken merited vengeance ; pleasure, too, for having filled my soul with avenging fire, and appeased the ashes of my countrymen. Such were my whirling thoughts, and such the aim of my distracted mind ; when lo ! and ne’er before so clearly to mine eyes, my gracious mother shewed herself to me, and shone in brilliant light amid the gloom, confessed (she stood) a goddess, in mien and stature such as she is wont to be seen by the immortals : she grasped me by the hand and checked me, and besides spake thus with her rosy mouth :— ‘ My son, what mighty grief excites thy furious

wrath? Why art thou raging? Whither hath gone thy care for me? Wilt thou not first see where thou hast left thy sire Anchises, worn with age? whether thy wife Creusa and thy boy Ascanius live? for all the host of Greece is prowling round them, and did not my watchful care resist, fire had ere now seized, and foeman's sword devoured them. 'Tis not the hateful face of the Spartan Tyndarid, or much-blamed Paris, 'tis heaven's unkindness, heaven's, which o'eturns this realm, and lays Troy low from summit to foundation. Behold, for all the humid cloud which, drawn before thy gaze, now dims, and with darkness hems thy mortal vision, I will remove: do thou nor fear aught that thy mother bids, nor shrink from doing her behests. Here where thou seest the rampart riven, stone torn from stone, and rolling waves of mingled dust and smoke, Neptune is moving with his mighty mace and shaking wall and basement, and toppling down from its foundations all the city. Here at the entrance Juno holds, in fiercest mood, the Scæan gates, and armed with spear calls madly from the ships the ranks of her allies. Already, see, upon the topmost towers, Tritonian Pallas sit, and blaze with storm-cloud and the baleful Gorgon. The king of heaven himself gives courage and victorious strength to the Danaans, and urges on the gods himself against the warriors of Troy. Secure thy flight at once, my son, and cease thy struggle: I will be with thee everywhere, and place thee safely on thy father's threshold.' She spake, and hid herself in the thick shades of night. Dread forms appear, and banded against Troy the mighty powers of heaven.

"O then I saw all Ilium sink in flames, and Nep-

tune's Troy topple from its foundations. E'en as when woodmen strive amain to overthrow an old ash on the mountain's brow, cut round with many a stroke from steely axe ; ever it threatens to fall, and quivering in every leaf nods with its agitated top, till quite o'erpowered at last by blows, it gives a final groan, and torn from the heights spreads ruin (631). I descend, and under the guidance of heaven, make my way through fire and foes : the missiles spare me, and the flames recede.

“And when at last I reach the threshold of my father's house, my dear old home, my father whom I sought the first, and meant to carry off the first to the high hills, refuses, since Troy had been destroyed, to prolong his life and endure exile. ‘Ye,’ he exclaims, ‘whose blood is untouched by eld, whose solid strength stands firm by its own pith, fly ye ! Had heaven wished me to prolong my life, it would have saved this dwelling for me. It is enough, and more, that I have seen one (642) sacking of this city and survived its capture. Salute my body placed thus, aye even thus, and go : I shall find death with this my hand : the foe will pity, and will seek to spoil me : the loss of sepulchre is trivial. Long already have I been lingering out the years, a god-detested, useless wretch, from the day when the father of the gods and king of men breathed on me with the blasts of his thunderbolt, and touched me with its fire.’

“He still kept talking in this strain, and remained

631. Or *jugis* may be taken with *traxit ruinam* : ‘and torn away, spreads ruin o'er the heights.’

642. *una excidia* : alluding to the destruction of Troy by Hercules.

unmoved. On the other side, melted in tears, I and my wife Creusa, and Ascanius, and all our household, (beg) my father not to destroy us all together with himself, and lend his weight to the doom which was crushing us. He refuses, and stays unmoved in the same place and purpose. Again I turn for battle, and in my utter misery choose death; for what plan or chance remained now? 'And hast thou thought, my sire,' I said, 'that I can leave thee and go forth, and hath aught so monstrous fallen from my father's lips? If heaven decree that nought from all this city shall remain, if this is settled in thy soul, and it is thy pleasure to add thyself and thine to falling Troy, the gate for such a doom stands open. Soon will be here from Priam, weltering in his blood, Pyrrhus, who slays the son before his father's face, and the father before his altars. Was it for this, my gracious mother, thou snatchedst me through darts, through fire, to see the foeman in the midst of home, to see Ascanius, and my sire, and Creusa at their side, butchered in one another's gore? Arms, arms, my men; their last hour calls the vanquished. Put me again before the Danaans: let me again behold the fight renewed. Certes, (670) we will not all die un-avenged.'

"Then I gird myself with my sword again, and fitting my left hand into my shield's strap, I was moving from the house. But lo! upon the threshold my wife embraced my feet and clung to them, and held up little Iulus to his sire: 'If thou art going away to die,' (she cries,) 'take us, too, with thee to (meet) everything: but if from thy experience thou hast any hope in the arms thou hast assumed, de-

fend this house in the first place. To whom art thou leaving little Iulus, and thy sire, and me who was once called thy wife ?'

" Uttering such cries, she was filling all the house with her lamentations, when a portent, sudden and wondrous to tell, appeared. For amid the embraces and kisses of his sorrowing parent, a thin tongue-of-flame (682) seemed to shed light from the crown of Iulus' head, and fire with harmless touch to lick his soft locks, and feed around his temples. Trembling with fear, we haste and shake the blazing hair, and quench the holy fire with spring-water. But my father Anchises raised his eyes with joy to heaven, and lifted up his hands and voice to the sky : ' O Jove, omnipotent,' (he said,) ' if thou art moved by any (form of) prayer, look upon us (690) : this only (do I ask) : and if we deserve it by our goodness, then give us thine assistance, sire, and confirm these omens.' Scarce had the old man spoken thus, and with a sudden crash it thundered on the left, and falling from the sky a star rushed through the darkness trailing a torch with floods of light. We saw it gliding over the summit of our palace, and marking its way, bury itself still blazing in the woods of Ida : then in its long track a luminous furrow shone, and the place smoked far and wide all round with sulphur. Then, indeed, my sire was convinced, and rose to go forth, and invokes the gods, and worships the holy star. ' No more, no more delay,' (he says) ; ' I follow, and

682. *Levis apex*, has also been explained to be ' the tapering spike of a cap,' or ' a light tuft of hair.'

690. Or *hoc tantum* may be taken as cognate accusative with *aspice nos* : ' look upon us for this one time.'

where you lead me, there am I. Gods of my country, save this house, and save my grandchild. This omen is from you, and Troy is under your protection. I at least yield, and do not, O my son, refuse to go as thy companion.'

"He spake; and already the fire is heard louder through the city, and the conflagration rolls its surging heat more near. 'Come then,' (I said,) 'dear father, place thyself upon my neck; I will bear thee myself on my shoulders; that effort will not burden me. However things shall fall, one danger and one safety we will both face together. Let little Iulus be my companion, and let my wife follow our footprints from afar. Do ye, my servants, heed with your minds what I am going to say. As ye go forth from the city, there is a mound and ancient fane of Ceres in a sequestered spot, and hard by an old cypress, preserved for many years by the veneration of our forefathers. From different parts we will come to this our trysting-place. Do thou, my sire, take in thy hands the sacred vessels and penates of our country; it is not right that I, who have come from such a fray, and from recent carnage, should handle them ere I shall have laved myself in running water.'

"Having thus spoken, I spread (721) the skin of a tawny lion as a covering over my broad shoulders and bended neck, and stoop beneath my burden; little Iulus fastens himself to my right hand, and follows his father with unequal steps; my wife comes on behind. We move along over the ground which lay in shadow, and I, whom erewhile no shower of


721. Lit. 'I cover myself, as to my shoulders, with the skin, &c.:' *veste et pelle*; another hendiadys.

darts disturbed, or thronging Greeks arrayed before me, am frightened now at every breeze, and every sound startles me in my anxious state, and alarmed alike about my companion and my burden.

“And already was I nearing the gates, and appeared to have completed all my way, when suddenly the sound of many feet seemed to reach my ears, and my father, looking forward through the gloom, exclaims, ‘Away, my son, my son; they are upon us. I see the glittering shields and flashing steel.’ Here some hostile power confused my mind, and took it from me. For while with speed I follow a sequestered track, and leave the well-known line of road, alas! from miserable me my wife Creusa, torn by destiny, or stopt, or wandered from the way, or sate down wearied, ’tis uncertain which, and was not after given to my gaze. For I did not turn my eyes or thoughts upon her who was lost, before we came to the mound and hallowed shrine of ancient Ceres. Here, when all were at length assembled, she alone failed, and disappointed the son and husband, her companions. What man or god did I not upbraid in my distraction, or what in our city overturned saw I more terrible? Ascanius, and my father Anchises, and the gods of Teucria, I entrust to my companions, and conceal in a sinuous vale. I myself return to the city, and gird on my glittering armour; I determine to face again all accidents, and to return through all Troy, and again expose my life to peril.

“In the first place, I go back to the walls, and the dark entrance of the gate, by which I had come out, and track and follow my footprints back in the darkness, and pore upon them with my eyes. Every-

where horror and the silence itself appals my soul. Then I betake me home ; if there, if there by chance, she might have turned her steps. The Danaans had entered, and held all the palace. At once consuming fire is carried by the wind to the summit of the roof ; the flames are masters, and the surging heat rolls furiously to the sky. I advance, and re-visit the palace and citadel of Priam. And already in the empty corridors in the temple of Juno, the chosen guardians, Phoenix and terrible Ulysses, were watching over the booty. Hither, from every side, are being piled up the treasures of Troy, snatched from her burning temples, and the tables of the gods, and bowls of solid gold, and captured vestments. Boys and trembling women stand around in long array. Nay, I dared, too, to shout at random in the gloom, and filled the streets with my cries ; and, in my misery, with vain reiteration called again and again upon Creusa. Thus searching and raging ceaselessly through the buildings of the city, there appeared before my eyes the hapless phantom and the shade of Creusa herself, and her image larger than its wont. I was astonished, and my hair stood up, and my voice stuck in my throat. Then thus she spake, and took away my cares with her words : ‘ What boots it, O my darling husband, to so indulge thy frantic sorrow. These things do not happen without the will of the gods : and neither fate, nor the greater lord of heaven above, permits thee to carry away Creusa with thee from this land. Long wanderings are before thee, and thou must plough the vasty waters of the deep, and thou wilt reach Hesperia, where Lydian Tiber flows between the rich tilled lands of men : there prosperity,



and a kingdom, and a royal bride are prepared for thee. Cease thy tears for thy beloved Creusa. I shall not see the haughty palaces of the Myrmidons and Dolopians, or go to serve the Grecian matrons, Dardan woman as I am, and daughter-in-law of the goddess Venus ; but the mighty mother of the gods keeps me on these shores. And now farewell, and preserve thy love for our common son.' When she thus spoke, she left me in tears and eager to say many things, and vanished into thin air. Thrice I there tried to place my arms around her neck, and thrice the phantom vainly grasped escaped my hands, like the light breezes, and most like to winged sleep.

"In this way at length I return to my friends when the night was done. And here I find, to my wonderment, that a large number of new companions had arrived, both male and female, men drawn together for exile, a pitiable crowd. They had assembled from every quarter, prepared with heart and stores for any land I might choose to lead them to across the main. And already Lucifer was rising o'er the heights of topmost Ida, and bringing on the day, and the Danaans had occupied and were guarding the entrance of the gates, and no hope was left for us. I gave way, and taking up my sire, made for the mountains.

BOOK III.

"AFTER that it seemed good to the high gods to overthrow the realm of Asia and the innocent people of Priam, after proud Ilium fell, and all Neptunian Troy lies smoking from the ground; we are driven by omens from the gods to seek a distant place of exile and an uninhabited strand, and we build a fleet beneath Antandros itself (5), and the heights of Phrygian Ida, and get together our men, unweeting whither the fates may waft us, and where it may be given us to settle. Scarce had earliest summer begun, and my sire Anchises was bidding us to spread our sails to the wind, when I leave in tears the coasts and harbours of my native land, and the plains where Troy (once) stood. I am borne an exile out into the deep with my companions and my son, and the great gods my penates (12).

"Beyond, with its broad fields—the Thracians till them—lies the land of Mars, whilom by stern Lycurgus swayed, a land of old in amity with Troy, and its penates allies of our own, while (yet) our fortune stood. Hither am I borne, and on the winding shore, landing with inauspicious fates, I lay the foundations of my city, and from my own name make its name *Æneadæ* (18).

5. *ipsa*: 'under the very shadow of Antandros.' Conington.

12. *penatibus et magnis Dis*: or, 'with my penates and great gods.' It is hardly possible to decide which Virgil meant. See Conington on ii. 293.

18. *Æneadas*: or, 'make the name (of its people) *Æneadæ*.'

“I was offering sacrifice to my Dionæan mother and (the rest of) the gods, that they might favour (20) the work I had begun, and was sacrificing on the shore a white bull to the high monarch of the denizens of heaven. There was by chance a mound hard by, and on the top of it was a brake (22) of cornels and myrtles bristling with spear-like plants. I approached it, and when I tried to pull up the green saplings from the ground to deck my altars with their leafy boughs, I saw a portent horrible and wondrous to relate. For from the tree, which with severed roots is first torn from the soil, drops of dark blood distil, and stain the earth with gore. Chill horror shakes my limbs, and my blood is curded cold with fear. Again I essay to tear up the supple stem of a second (tree), and thoroughly search out the unseen cause, and from the bark of the second the too black gore follows. Musing much in my mind, I began to pray to the wood-nymphs and king Gradivus, who sways the Getic plains, to duly bless the portent and make the omen light. But when I essay with greater force a third spear-sapling, and struggle with my knees against the sand,—speak shall I or be dumb? —a plaintive wail is heard from the depths of the mound, and a voice is borne in answer to my ears: ‘Why dost thou rend a hapless wretch, Æneas? Spare now (41) a buried man; cease to pollute thy pious hands. Troy gave me birth no alien to thee, no (alien) blood is streaming from this stem (43).

20. *Auspicibus* : lit. ‘as favourers of,’ &c. The word is used proleptically.

22. *cornea*, &c. : lit. ‘cornel brakes and myrtles.’

41. *jam* : emphatic, after this third effort.

Ah ! fly these cruel strands, fly this rapacious shore. For I am Polydorus. Sheaves of iron missiles pierced and o'erwhelmed me here, and have shot up with their sharp-pointed spears.'

"Then, indeed, I stood amazed, oppressed in mind with doubt and fear (47) ; my hair stood up, and my voice stuck in my throat. This Polydorus, with a great mass of gold, poor Priam had formerly, when he began to doubt the arms of Dardania and saw his city being encompassed by leaguer, sent secretly to the Thracian king to be brought up. He, when the power of the Teucrians was broken and their fortune gone, following the cause and victorious arms of Agamemnon, broke every law, slew Polydorus, and obtained by force the gold. Accursed greed of gold, what dost thou not force mortal hearts (to do) ? When terror left my frame, I tell these portents of the gods to the chosen leaders of my people and my father first, and ask them their opinion. All are unanimous to depart from the guilt-stained land and (the scene of) polluted hospitality (61), and to let the breezes take our fleet. So we solemnize exequies to Polydorus ; a huge mass of earth is piled upon the mound ; altars are erected to the Manes, mournfully decked with sad-coloured fillets and black cyprus, and around are the daughters of Ilium with

43. *aut cruor* : or, 'this blood flows not from a tree (but from my body).'

47. *ancipiti* : lit. 'doubtful fear,' i.e. whether he should stay in Thrace or leave it.

61. *pollutum hospitium* : i.e. the place where the duties and rights of *hospites* had been so shamefully broken and outraged. *dare classibus austros* : lit. 'give the breezes to our fleet.' No hypallage.

tresses duly loosened ; we offer foaming bowls of milk still warm, and cups of consecrated blood, and we lay the spirit in its sepulchre, and hail it for the last time with loud cries.

“ Then, as soon as we can trust the main, and the winds give us quiet seas, and the soft rustling breeze invites us out into the deep, my comrades launch their ships and crowd the shore. We are borne away from port, and cities and lands recede. In the mid-sea there lies a most delightful land sacred to the mother of the Nereids and to Ægæan Neptune, which, wandering as it was round shore and coast, the grateful Archer-(god) made fast to high Myconos and Gyaros, and made it lie unmoved and despise the winds. Hither I am borne : this peaceful land receives us wearied in its sheltered port. We land, and hail the city of Apollo. King Anius, king of the people he and priest of Phœbus too, his temples bound with fillets and holy laurel, meets us ; he recognises his old friend Anchises ; we join right hands in amity, and enter his dwelling.

“ I hailed the temple of the god, a structure of antique stone : ‘ O lord of Thymbra, grant us a home of our own : grant to the wearied a city and a nation, and an abiding dwelling-place : preserve Troy’s second Pergama, and the relics left by the Danaans and pitiless Achilles. Whom are we to follow, or whither dost thou bid us go ? where fix our resting-place ? Grant, O sire, an omen, and glide into our souls.’

“ Scarce had I said, and everything, the portals and the laurels too of the god, eftsoons appeared to tremble, and all the mountain round to move, and

the tripod to rumble with the shrine flung open. We seek the ground submissive, and a voice is borne to our ears: 'Ye hardy sons of Dardanus! the land which first produced you from your ancestral stock, that same land shall receive you on your return to it with its teeming soil. Seek your primæval mother. There shall the house of Æneas bear sway o'er every land, and his children's children, and they who shall spring from them.' So Phœbus, and a mighty joy arose, with tumult mingled, and what that city is they all inquire, to which he calls and bids the wanderers return. Then my father, musing on the traditions of the men of old, says: 'Hear, O ye princes, and learn (where lie) your hopes: in mid-sea lieth great Jove's island, Crete, where Ida's mount is, and the cradle of our race: its men a hundred stately cities hold, a most luxuriant realm; and thence, if rightly I recall what I have heard, Teucus, our earliest king, first sailed to the Rhœtean coast, and chose a place for his kingdom. Not yet had Ilium and the towers of Pergama risen; the inhabitants dwelt in the bottom of the vales. Thence (came) the queen who dwells on Cybele, and the Corybantian cymbals, and the grove of Ida: thence (too) the rites with faithful silence (kept) (112), and yoked lions draw the chariot of their mistress. Come, then, and where the hests of heaven lead us, let us follow; let us propitiate the winds and sail for the Gnosian realms. They are not distant from us by a long voyage; let but Jove aid, the third day will place

112. *fida silentia sacris*: lit. 'faithful silence for mysteries,' i.e. mysteries whose secrets might not be divulged to the uninitiated.

our fleet on the shores of Crete.' So spake he, and on the altars paid the sacrifices due,—a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, O beauteous Apollo, a black lamb to Tempest, a white one to the favouring Zephyrs.

"The rumour flies that King Idomeneus had fled from his paternal realms, a banished man, and that the shores of Crete were uninhabited, its homes free of our foes, and their abandoned dwellings ready to our hand. We leave the harbours of Ortygia, and fly across the sea; Naxos, whose hills are haunted by the bacchanals we skirt (125), and green Donysa; Olearos (too), and snow-white Paros, and the Cyclades scattered o'er the main, and waters thickly sown with many an isle. The cries of the sailors go up in varied rivalry; my comrades cheerily shout, 'Let us make for Crete and our forefathers.' A breeze rising astern attends us as we go, and at last we glide up to the ancient land of the Curetes. Then eagerly I choose (a site) and raise the walls of my city (132), and call it Pergamea; and exhort my people, who were delighted with the name, to cherish their hearth fires, and build up a citadel (134). And now my ships were about hauled up on the dry beach, and my men engaged in marrying, and tilling their new fields, and I was dispensing laws and habitations, when suddenly the expanse of heaven was tainted, and the wasting and piteous disease of a sickly sea-

125. *Bacchatamque*, lit. 'roamed over by the bacchanals in (or in respect of) its hills.'

132. *optata*: lit. 'the walls of my selected city.'

134. *arcem*: lit. 'raise a citadel by buildings.'

son (139) came on our limbs and on our trees and crops. Men parted with sweet life, or dragged their fevered limbs about, and Sirius 'gan scorch the barren (141) fields; the herbage withered, and the blighted corn denied us food. My father bids me recross the sea and go to the oracle of Ortygia and to Phœbus, and ask as a boon, what end he places to the ruin of our state, and from what source he bids us seek aid against our woes, and whither turn our course.

"'Twas night, and slumber held (all) living things on earth: the sacred statues of the gods and the penates of Phrygia (148), which I had borne away with me from Troy and the midst of the conflagration of that city, appeared to stand before mine eyes as I lay in slumber, distinct in the strong light, where the full moon was pouring through the inserted windows, and thus to speak, and with their words remove my cares: 'That which Apollo will disclose to thee on reaching Ortygia, he here reveals, and lo! unasked, he sends us to thy chamber. When Troy was burnt we followed thee and thy fortunes; we traversed in thy ships the sea which swelled beneath thee; we, too, shall raise thy coming progeny to the stars, and shall give empire to thy capital. A mighty city seek for mighty (gods), and shrink not from the toil of a long flight. These dwellings must be changed. Delian Apollo counselled not these coasts for thee, nor bade thee settle in Crete. There is a land called by the Greeks Hesperia, an ancient land, puissant

139. *lues et letifer annus*: hendiadys.

141. *steriles*: proleptic.

148. *effigies divum Phrygiæ penates*: a hendiadys according to Servius: see note on line 12.

in arms and wealth of glebe ; Ænотrians held it ; rumour now reports that their descendants have called it Italy, from the name of their leader : this is our real resting-place ; hence Dardanus and King Iasius sprang, and from that prince our race. Come, rise, and gladly tell to thine old sire these words unquestionable : bid him seek Corythus and the Ausonian coasts. The fields of Dicte Jove to thee denies. Amazed by such a sight and by the voices of the gods—nor was that sleep, but plain meseemed I saw their visages before me, and their locks with fillets bound, and their corporeal lineaments,—the cold sweat poured from all my frame. I snatch my body from the couch, and stretch my upturned palms with prayer to heaven, and pour pure gifts (of wine) upon the hearth. This sacrifice performed, I gladly inform Anchises, and duly recount the affair to him. He recognised the double line, the double ancestry, and that he had been led astray by a new mistake anent the ancient lands. Then he exclaims, ‘ My son, tried as thou art by Ilium’s fate, Cassandra alone foretold to me such issues. And now I mind she prophesied this destiny for our sad and often named Hesperia, often (named) the realms of Italy. But who could think that the Teucrians were to go to the coasts of Hesperia ? or whom at that time could the prophetess Cassandra move ? To Phœbus let us yield, and warned by him follow a better course.’ So spake he, and we all with joy obey his words. This home, too, we abandon, and we leave a few of us behind, and spread our sails, and speed across the boundless main.

“ When that the ships were on the deep, and land

no longer met the view, but sea on all sides, and on all sides sky, then a black storm-cloud formed above my head, with gloom and tempest, and the waves roughened darkling. Forthwith the winds the water roll, and the mighty billows rise: we are tossed and scattered by the vasty deep: storm-clouds overspread the sky, and misty gloom sweeps away the (light of) heaven; the lightnings re-double in the riven clouds. We are driven from our course, and blindly wander o'er the sea. Palinurus himself says that he cannot distinguish day and night in the sky, or remember the way in the midst of the waves. For quite (203) three days obscured by darkness dim we wander o'er the deep, and as many starless nights. On the fourth day the land at length was the first time seen to rise, and shew the distant hills and rolling smoke (206). Our sails drop, we ply our oars, and speedily the labouring sailors scatter the foam and scour the dark blue sea.

"Saved from the sea, the shores of the Strophades first receive me: called by the Greek name Strophades, these islands stand in the Ionian main, and dread Celæno and the other Harpies haunt them, since the house of Phineus was closed upon them, and they fled in terror from their former banquet-tables. Than they no monster rises from the waves of Styx more grim, no pest or (sign of) heaven's wrath more fell. Birds with a girl's face are they (216), and most foul their belly's excrement; their pounces crooked, their

203. *Tres adeo: adeo* strengthens *tres*, as we might say 'three long days.'—*Conington*.

206. *volvere fumum*: lit. 'roll smoke.'

visages with famine ever pale. When thither borne we gained the port, lo! o'er the plains dispersed fair herds of beeves we spy, and flocks of goats grazing without a keeper. We rush upon them with our swords, and call the gods and Jove himself to share the booty: then on the winding shore we pile up (turf for) couches, and feast on the rich fare. But suddenly with swoop terrific from the hills, the Harpies are upon us, clapping their wings with mighty clanging; they tear our food, and pollute everything with their unclean touch, and their hideous yells (rise) amidst the noisome stench. In a deep recess beneath a hollow rock, shut in all round by trees and quivering shade, we spread our tables, and place fire again upon our altars: again, from a different quarter of the sky, and from their hidden lurking-places, the noisy company sail round their prey with crooked claws, and taint our food with their mouths. Then I enjoin my friends to take their arms, and wage battle with the hideous crew. They do as they are bidden, and conceal their swords arranged along the grass, and hide away their shields. So when the Harpies swooping down made noise along the winding shore, from his high post Misenus with his hollow (trump of) brass the signal gave. My comrades charge, and novel battle wage, to spoil with steel the ill-omened birds of the sea. But they upon their plumes no violence feel, nor in their bodies wounds, and in swift flight soar star-ward, leaving their prize half-eaten, and their loathsome trail. One alone, perched upon a lofty crag—Celæno, prophetess of evil—hurled this utterance from her breast: 'War, children of Laomedon, war e'en for murdered

beeves and slaughtered kine do ye mean to wage, and drive from their hereditary soil the unoffending Harpies? Take then to your hearts these words of mine, and fix them there. What the almighty king to Phœbus, and to me Phœbus Apollo told, to ye I, eldest of the Furies, tell. To Italy ye speed, and Italy ye will reach with the winds ye have invoked, and it will be given unto you to enter her harbours; but ye will not build a wall around the city assigned to you, ere monstrous hunger and the crime of our (attempted) murder shall compel you to gnaw and devour with your jaws your tables.' She spake, and on her pinions upward borne, into the forest flitted back. But the blood of my comrades curdled cold with sudden fear; no longer now by arms but by vows and prayers they bid me seek for peace, whether these (creatures) are goddesses, or monstrous and ill-omened birds. And my father Anchises from the shore invokes with outstretched hands the mighty gods, and proclaims the proper sacrifices: 'Ward off (he cries), ye gods, these threats: avert (from us), ye gods, a doom like this; and in your kindness save a pious race.' Then he bids us tear our cables from the shore, and uncoil and ease the sheets. The south-wind fills our sails; we speed across the foaming waves, where breeze and helmsman guide our course. Anon in mid-sea shews wood-crowned Zacynthos, and Dulichium, Same too, and Neritos steep-towering with its crags. We shun the rocks of Ithaca, Laertes' realm, and curse the land which bare the fell Ulysses. Anon, too, Mount Leucate's storm-swept heights appear, and (the temple of) Apollo, feared by

mariners. This all foredone we make for, and we enter the humble city; the anchor is cast from the prow, the ships are moored along the shore.

“So having gained at length the land we scarce had hoped for, we purify ourselves for Jove, and kindle votive-gifts upon our altars, and fill the shores of Actium with Trojan games. My comrades strip, and (smeared) with slippering oil, practise their national sports; it gives them joy to have evaded so many Grecian cities, and to have made their escape through the midst of their foemen. Meanwhile, the sun rolls round the mighty year, and icy winter makes the billows rough with northern blasts. A shield of hollow brass, which mighty Abas bare, I fix upon the (temple's) gate in front, and mark the fact with a legend: ‘These arms from Danaan victors (won) Æneas (offers).’ Then I command (my men) to leave the port, and on their benches sit. With emulous zeal my comrades smite the waves, and scour the main. Forthwith we leave behind the aerial heights of Phæacia, and we coast along the shores of Epirus, and enter a Chaonian harbour, and approach the lofty city of Buthrotum.

“Here the report of a most strange event reaches my ears, (to wit,) that Priam's son, Helenus, was a ruler over Grecian cities, having obtained the wife and sceptre of the Æacid Pyrrhus, and that Andromache had again passed to a husband of her native continent. I was amazed, and my breast inflamed with a most strong desire to greet that hero, and learn his momentous story. I set forth from the harbour, leaving ships and shore, just as by chance before the city, in a grove by the waters of a mimic

Simois, Andromache was offering solemn sacrifice and mourning gifts to the ashes, and calling to the manes of Hector, at the cenotaph of turf and the altars twain, which she had consecrated, as objects for her tears. When, all distraught, she saw me coming, and the warriors of Troy around me, afrighted by so great a marvel, stark grew she as she gazed; warmth left her bones, she totters, and, with difficulty, at last, after a long time, she speaks: 'Comest thou to me, O son of a goddess, a real shape, a real messenger? Art thou alive, or if the blessed light hath passed away from thee, where is Hector?' She spake; and shedding tears, filled all the place with her cries. With difficulty an answer brief I make to the distracted (queen), and agitated gasp in broken accents: 'Alive am I in troth, and life I drag through all extremes (of evil); doubt not, for what thou seest is real. Ah! what fate takes thee fallen from so great a lord? or what fit fortune comes again to Hector's Andromache? Dost thou (still) bear the marriage-yoke of Pyrrhus?' With downcast look and bated breath, she said: 'O blest alone beyond all (women) was Priam's virgin daughter, who, doomed to die by the foeman's grave beneath the lofty walls of Troy, suffered no drawing of lots, and touched not the couch of a victorious master. I, when my country was destroyed by fire, was carried over distant seas, and bare a child in servitude, and felt the insolence and youthful pride of the scion of Achilles; and he, in the sequel, sought a Spartan match, and Leda's daughter Hermione, and gave me to his bondslave, Helenus, to possess; myself a bondslave too. But Orestes, fired by deep

passion for his stolen bride, and maddened by the Furies of his crime, took him unawares, and slew him by the altars of his sire. By the death of Neoptolemus, part of his kingdom reverted (333) to Helenus, who named his realms Chaonian, and all the land from Trojan Chaon, Chaonia; and on these heights built Pergama and Ilium's citadel. But O! what winds, what fates impelled thy course, or what god brought thee all unweeting to these coasts? What of thy son Ascanius? Is he alive, and breathing the air (of heaven), whom to thee when already Troy—Hath the boy still a thought for his lost mother? Doth his sire Æneas, and his uncle Hector, move him aught to antique valour and to manly courage?

“She was pouring forth such words amid her tears, and making lengthened complaints in vain, when Priam's son, the hero Helenus, with many an attendant, comes from the city, and recognises his countrymen, and joyfully leads us to his palace, and between every word sheds many a tear (348). I advance, and recognise a humble Troy and Pergama made like the great ones, and a dried-up stream with Xanthus' name, and I embrace the threshold of a Scæan gate. The Teucrians, too, enjoy the friendly town. The king received them in the ample colonnade, and when the feast was served on gold, with cups in hand they

333. *reddita cessit Pars*: the explanation given by Gossran that *pars* is Molossia, which ‘reverted’ to Helenus, as the guardian of Molossus, the son of Pyrrhus and Andromache, appears to be the correct one.

348. *multum* goes with *fundit*: lit. ‘copiously sheds tears.’

poured libations of flowing wine (354) in the centre of the hall.

“And now some days passed by, and the breezes woo our sails, and our canvas fills with the swelling gale; I accost the seer with these words, and make these quests: ‘O son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, thou who dost understand the will, the tripod, and the bay of Clarian Phœbus, the stars, the notes of birds, and the omens of their soaring wing, come, say,—for favouring auspices mark out all my course, and all the gods enjoined me, by their influence, to make for Italy, and explore those distant strands; only the harpy Celæno croaks a strange and monstrous portent, and bodes grim wrath and hunger foul—what perils first am I to shun? or by what course may I vanquish toils so huge? Then Helenus, the oxen duly slain, first prays the gods for grace, and loosens the fillets from his consecrated brow, and with his own hand leads me to thy temple, Phœbus, awe-struck with thy full influence; and then the seer chants from his lips inspired these words:

“‘Son of a goddess—for the proof is clear that with high sanction thou art sailing o’er the deep, the king of heaven so allots the fates, and rules their alternations, and such proceeds the order of events,—a few things out of many, whereby thou mayst more safely traverse the seas which await thee, and rest in an Ausonian harbour, I will in words unfold; for the fates permit not Helenus to know, and Saturnian Juno allows him not to tell the rest. In the first

354. *libabant pocula Bacchi*: lit. ‘poured goblets of wine in libations.’

356. *dies alterque dies* = unus et alter dies.

place, a long rough voyage, by a long stretch of land, far separates (from thee) that Italy which thou already deemest nigh, and the harbours which, in thy ignorance, thou art preparing to enter as though near. Thou must first strain the oar in the Trinacrian sea, and visit with thy fleet the waters of the Ausonian main, and the pools of hell, and the island of Ææan Circe, ere thou canst stablish thy city in a land of safety. Tokens I'll tell thee, keep thou them stored up within thy mind. When, vext with care, thou shalt beside the waters of a sequestered stream find, lying beneath the holm-oak on its banks, a huge sow with a litter of thirty young, a white sow stretched upon the ground, and white the younglings round her teats; there shall be the site for thy city, there the determined respite of thy toils. And dread not thou the future feast of tables, the fates will find a way, and Apollo will be with you when invoked. But these lands, and this margent of the Italian coast, which (lie) nearest (to us), and are washed by the waters of our sea, avoid; in every city dwell the accursed Greeks. Here the Narycian Locrians have built their town, and Lyctian Idomeneus has occupied with his soldiery the fields of Sallentum; here, (too), is the humble Petilia of the Melibœan chieftain, Philoctetes, supported by its wall. Nay more, when transported o'er the deep, thy ships shall stand, and thou shalt then be paying thy vows upon the shore, kerchief thy locks with a scarlet robe, and veil thyself (404), that athwart the hallowed flames, in the sacrifice to heaven, no foeman's face may meet

404. Lit. 'be thou veiled, kercheft as to thy locks with a bright-coloured covering.'

thee, and mar the omens. This mode of sacrifice observe thyself; this let thy friends (observe); and to this ordinance let thy pious sons adhere. But when on thy departure thence the wind shall have brought thee nigh to the Sicilian coast, and the gates of narrow Pelorus shall be opening to thy view, steer for the land upon thy left, and in long circuit for the waters on the left, shun sea and shores upon the right. These shores, men say,—long lapse of time is potent for such change,—in days of yore, when the two lands were one continuously, started, with force and wide-spread ruin riven, asunder, and in their midst with force and billows came the sea, and tore the Hesperian from the Sicilian coast, and flowed in a narrow strait between the lands and towns of the divided shore-line (419). The right side Scylla guards, the left still-vexed Charybdis, and thrice a-day in the nethermost whirlpool of her abyss she sucks the huge waves steep down, and again sends them in alternation upwards to the air, and lashes the welkin with her foam. But Scylla in the dark depths of a cave abides, and putteth forth her mouths, and draws the ships upon the rocks. Atop her face is human, and to her middle she is a maid with lovely breasts, below a monster of portentous shape, with the tails of dolphins joined to a womb of wolves. 'Tis better to stop and clear the goal of Trinacrian Pachynum, and make a long course round, than once to have seen misshapen Scylla in her antre vast, and the rocks echoing with her dark-hued hounds. Moreover, if Helenus has aught of foresight, if aught of credit to the seer (be due), if Apollo fills his soul with truth,

419. *Litore diductas*: lit. 'separated in respect of coast.'

this one thing, son of a goddess, once for all, I will to thee unfold, and with reiteration urge again and again: above all things, worship with prayer the majesty of mighty Juno, hymn vows to Juno cheerfully, and gain with suppliant gifts the potent queen; for so thou wilt at length prevail, and when thou leavest Trinacria, be sent to the Italian strand. When wafted thither thou shalt reach the city of Cumæ, and the haunted lake of Avernus with its rustling woods, thou wilt behold the mad prophetic maid, who, in the depths of her rock chants the decrees of fate, and puts her marks and words on leaves. Whatever verses the maid hath written on leaves she ranks in order, and leaves shut up in her cave. They in their places stay unmoved, and shift not from their order; but yet, when the hinges turn, and the light breeze moves, and through the open door (449) ruffles the delicate leaves, she cares not ever again to catch them as they flutter in the hollow rock, or to restore their order, or unite the verses. Men leave without an answer (452), and detest the Sibyl's home. Here, though thy comrades chide, and thy course calls the ships with urgency into the deep, and thou canst fill thy prosperous sails, deem thou no losses from delay of such import as not to visit the prophetic maid, and beg her chant the oracles herself, and kindly loose the utterance of her lips. She will to thee disclose Italia's peoples and the coming wars, and in what way thou mayst or shun or face each peril, and

449. *turbavit janua*: lit. 'the door has ruffled,' the door being said to do what the wind does when the door is opened.

452. *inconsulti*, or 'perplexed,' ἀμήχανοι. Henry and Conington.

will grant, when duly besought, a prosperous course. These are the warnings which my voice may tell to thee. Away, and by thy deeds exalt great Troy to heaven.'

"When thus with friendly tongue the seer spake, he straight commands that massive gifts of gold and carved ivory be carried to my ships, and he piles in the hulls large store of silver plate, and Dodonæan caldrons, a twisted hawberk triple-twilled with links of gold (467), and a helm adorned with spike and horse-hair crest, the arms of Neoptolemus. My father, too, has presents for himself. Horses he adds, and guides, and oars (471) supplies, and provides my comrades too with armour.

"Meanwhile Anchises bade us rig the fleet with sails, that no delay might meet the favouring breeze : and with much respect the interpreter of Phœbus addresses him : 'Anchises, worthy deemed of union high with Venus, favourite of heaven, twice saved from the ruins of Pergama, behold the Ausonian strand ; sail swiftly for it. And yet thou must glide past it o'er the main, far distant lies that part of Ausonia which Apollo shews. Away,' he cries, 'blest in thy son's affection. Why do I still go on, and by my speech delay the rising breezes?' Andromache too, saddened at our final parting, brings robes embroidered with threads of gold, and a Phrygian mantle for Ascanius—he well becomes the gift—(484) and loads him with presents of the loom,

467. Or, 'a hawberk formed of links, and triple-twilled with gold.'

471. *remigium*; or, 'rowers.'

484. *nec cedit honori*: the difficulty of this line is well

and thus begins: 'And take thou these, my child, to be for thee memorials of my hands, and lasting tokens of the love of Hector's wife Andromache. Take from thy friends these farewell gifts, O thou sole image left to me of my Astyanax. Such were the eyes, the hands, the looks he bore; and now in the same prime with thee would he be blooming.' Parting, I spake to them with rising tears, 'Live happy ye whose fortune is fulfilled, from fate to fate we are summoned. Ye have gained your rest, ye have not to plough the surface of the deep, or seek Ausonia's aye receding strand. Scamander's counterfeit ye see, and a Troy which your own hands have reared to last with better auspices, I trust, and less accessible to the Greeks. If ever I shall reach the Tiber and the fields which border on the Tiber, and shall see the city granted to my race, our cities and our peoples, in Epirus and in Hesperia,

known, and any certain interpretation of them out of the question. Andromache, the chlamys, and Ascanius have been variously supposed to be the subject of *cedit*, and various shades of meaning have been given to *honori*. I feel pretty sure that *honori* refers to the chlamys, and I follow Henry in making Ascanius the subject to *cedit*, but without adopting his rendering. I imagine Virgil to mean, that handsome as the mantle was, the handsome wearer was equal to it, i.e. became it bravely. Subjoined are the other explanations: 'She does not yield to the honour of Ascanius,' i.e. gives him his due, (Servius). 'She does not yield to the present of her husband,' i.e. gives as rich gifts as he gives, (Heyne). 'She does not give way to honour,' i.e. does not flag in honouring him, = *nec cessat honorare*, (Conington). 'It (the chlamys) does not yield to the other presents,' i.e. is as beautiful as they are, (Wagner). 'He (Ascanius) does not shrink from the gift' (reading *honore*), i.e. accepts it, (Henry).

joined by blood and by position, with a common founder Dardanus, and a common history, we will hereafter blend, and make in heart the two Troys one: may such a task await our children's children.

"We sail on o'er the sea close to the neighbouring Ceraunian cliffs, whence is the shortest path and route across the deep to Italy. Meanwhile the sun goes down, and the dark hills grow dim with shade. We stretch ourselves beside the waves on the lap of the wished-for strand, having given out the oars by lot (510); and dispersed on the dry shore, we renovate our frames, and dewy sleep pervades our weary limbs. Night, led by the hours, had not yet reached the middle of her course; keen Palinurus rises from his couch, notes every wind, and listens to the breeze, marks in the silent sky each gliding star, Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades, and the two wains, and gazes at Orion girt with (belt of) gold. When he sees that all is calm in the clear sky, he sounds a loud signal from the poop, we shift our camp and venture on our way, and spread the pinions of our sails. And now the morn was reddening and the stars had been put to flight, when in the distance we descry the dim hills and the low (shore of) Italy. 'Italy,' Achates was the first to cry, Italy with shouts of joy my comrades hail. Then my father Anchises wreathed a huge bowl with a garland, and filled it with wine, and standing on the lofty poop, invoked the gods: 'Ye

510. *Sortiti remos*: I do not understand why Conington says that these words present a difficulty. Although they had disembarked for the night, it is clear from what follows, that they ought to have made every preparation for starting at a moment's notice.

gods who rule sea, earth, and storms, make our path easy with your winds, and send us favouring gales.' The wished-for breezes freshen, and the port now nearer opens (to our view), and on its rock appears Minerva's shrine. The port itself, curved to a crescent by the eastern waves, lies hid; the rocks in front of it are white with briny spray: bastion-like crags protrude their arms to form a double mole: the temple rises on a slope from the shore. Here our first omen I behold, four steeds of snowy whiteness on the sward, grazing at large upon the plain. And my father Anchises cries: 'War thou announcest to thy guests, (539) O land: horses are armed for war, and war these creatures menace. Yet these same steeds are trained at times to approach the car, and bear beneath the yoke their bits in peace together. Hope is there, too, of peace!' Then to the holy majesty we pray of armour-clashing Pallas, since she was the first who bade us welcome in our joy; and we veil our heads before the altars with Phrygian vestments; and by the behests, which Helenus had given us as of most import, we duly sacrifice to Argive Juno the victims he enjoined. And when our vows were paid in order due, at once, without delay, we turn the horns of our sail-clad halyards shorewards, and leave the abodes of the Greeks and the suspected strand. Anon we see the bay of Tarentum, a city founded, if the tale be true, by Hercules: (the temple of) the Lacinian goddess rises on the farther side, and the heights of Caulon, and ship-destroying Scylaceum. Then far away Trinacrian

539. *hospita* combines the two meanings of 'stranger' and 'host.' Cf. line 377; and Georg. iii. 362.

Ætna is descried rising from the sea, and we hear the mighty moaning of the main, the wave-lashed rocks, and the broken noises on the shore. Upward the waters seethe, and with the surf the sands are intermixed. And my father Anchises said, 'Sure, this is that Charybdis, these the cliffs, and these the awful rocks which Helenus foretold. Save yourselves, my friends, and rise together to your oars.' They do as they are bidden; and Palinurus was the first to turn his roaring prow round to the waters on our left; and all our band with oars and sails made to larboard. Skyward we rise upon the curved wave, and when the billow passed from under us, down sank we also to the nethermost abyss. Thrice in their rugged caves the rocks resounding rang, and thrice we saw the stars glistening through broken spray (566). Meanwhile the breeze and sun together left us in our weariness, and witless of our way, we glide up to the shores of the Cyclopes.

"The port itself is sheltered from the approach of winds and large; but hard by, Ætna thunders with dire explosions, and anon flings upward to the welkin a black cloud with pitch-dark eddies of smoke and fiery cinders, and throws up balls of fire and lips the stars. Anon she rends the entrails of the mount, and heaving, belches stones, and with a groan shoots molten rock in masses into the air, and seethes up

566. The meaning apparently is, that the waves thrice rose and rushed with a roar into the caverns of the rocks; and the ships sank thrice so low, that, as from the bottom of a well, the stars were visible through the broken foam on the crests of the waves above them; hence the propriety of the epithet *rorantia*, lit. 'dewy.'

from her lowest depths. 'Tis rumoured that the body of Enceladus, scathed by the thunderbolt, lies beneath this ponderous mass, and that huge Ætna placed above him, breathes out his fires from her riven sides (580); and whene'er he turns his weary side, all Trinacria shakes with a hollow roar, and veils the heaven with smoke. That night wild horrors we endure concealed in woods, and what cause makes the noise we see not. For there was no radiance from the orbs of heaven, and the sky was not bright with starry æther, but a mist was over the gloomy firmament, and dismal night shrouded the moon in a storm-cloud.

“And now next day at earliest dawn was breaking, and Aurora had scattered dank darkness from the sky; when suddenly from the woods, with extreme leanness worn, the strange form of an unknown man in miserable guise comes forth, with hands outstretched in supplication to the shore. We turn and gaze. Foul was his squalor, and his beard unkempt, his garment tagged with thorns: yet in all else he was a Greek, and had been sent indeed whilome to Troy, (clad) in the armour of his native land. And when he saw the Dardan dress and Trojan armour from afar, awhile in consternation at the sight he stopt, and checked his steps: soon to the shore he headlong rushed with tears and prayers: ‘By (all) the gods above’ (he cries) ‘and by the stars, and by this air of heaven which we breathe, I do adjure you, Teucrians, take me on board: bear me to whatsoever land ye will: I ask no more (602). I know that I am a man from the Grecian fleet, and I admit that I as-

580. *caminis*: lit. ‘furnaces.’

602. *Hoc sat erit*: lit. ‘this will be enough for me.’

sailed the gods of Troy in war: and for this, if the guilt of my crime is so enormous, toss me limb-meal into the waves, and whelm me in the vasty deep. If I am to die, to die by the hands of men will give me joy.' He spake, and clasped our knees, and grovelling at our knees kept clinging there. We bid him tell us who he is, and from what race he came, and then disclose what evil fortune vexes him. And my father Anchises himself, after but brief delay, gives his right hand to the young man, and cheers his soul with that prompt pledge. At length he laid aside his fear and thus began: 'My native land is Ithaca, I am a follower of the ill-starred Ulysses, by name Achemenides, and I sailed for Troy because my father Adamastus was poor, and would that my humble lot had aye remained! Me, my companions, when in haste they fled the savage den, forgot and left here in the Cyclops' dreadful cave. His banquet-hall of rottenness and gore (618) is dark within and huge. His mighty stature strikes the stars on high—drive, O ye gods, such monsters from the earth!—and none may look on him or speak to him unmoved. He battens on the flesh and the dark blood of his unhappy victims. I myself saw him as he lay upon his back in the middle of the cave, seize two of our number with his mighty hand and smash their bodies against the rock, while the floor swam splashed with gore: I saw him champ their limbs yet streaming with dark blood, and saw the warm flesh palpitate beneath his teeth. But ah! not unavenged: Ulysses brooked not deeds like these, and in that awful hour the Ithacan was master of himself. For when the

618. Lit. 'A house (it is) of putridness and gory messes.'

Cyclops, crammed with food and swilled with wine, reclined his bended neck, and stretched-out huge along the cavern lay, belching up gory gobbets in his sleep mingled with blood and wine, we, having prayed to the great gods and drawn by lot our places, pour round him together on every side, and with a pointed stake scoop out his eye, the huge and solitary orb which lurked beneath his grisly brow, large as an Argive shield or Phœbus' lamp, and at last with joy avenge the shades of our companions. But fly, ye hapless wretches, fly, and tear your cables from the strand. For just as fierce and just as huge as Polyphemus, who in his hollow cave pens up his fleecy sheep and milks their dugs, a hundred other monstrous Cyclopes dwell here and there along these winding shores, and roam about upon these lofty hills. Thrice have the moon's horns filled themselves with light, since in these woods among the unfrequented lairs and dens of wild beasts I linger out my life, and peer forth at the savage Cyclopes upon the rock, and tremble at their footsteps and their voices. Rough fare the trees gave, berries and stony cornels, and the herbs with roots upturned supported me. Gazing around, this fleet at length (651) I saw arrive. To it, whate'er it proved, I vowed myself: 'tis enough to have escaped that monstrous crew. 'Tis better far that you by any mode of death should take this life.'

"Scarce had he spoke, when on the mountain-top we saw, stalking with giant bulk among his flocks, the shepherd Polyphemus himself, making for the well-known shore, a ghastly monster, hideous, huge,

651. "*primum* almost = *tandem* here."—*Conington*.

and blind. A broken pine-tree (659) in his hand guides and supports his steps. His fleecy sheep go with him, the sole joy and solace of his woe. When to the sea he came, and touched the deepening waves, therewith he washed away the blood which oozed from his quenched orb, gnashing his teeth with groans, and stalked e'en through the midmost deep, and yet the wave e'en then not wetted his tall flanks. Eagerly we haste to fly far thence, and taking with us a suppliant so deserving, to cut our cables silently: and leaning forward with our rapid oars we scour the main. He heard, and toward the sound (669) his footsteps turned. But when to clutch us with his hand no power is given, and in the chase to equal the Ionian waves he fails, he raises a tremendous shout, whereat the sea and all its billows shook, and the land of Italy was frightened to its core, and Ætna bellowed in her vaulted caves. But the brood of Cyclopes, moved by the cry, rush forth from wood and lofty hill down to the port, and throng the shore. We see the Ætnæan brotherhood stand helpless there with furious eyes, lifting their tall heads to the sky, a horrid conclave: like oaks ærial, or cone-bearing cypresses, when on some high hill-top they stand together (and form) Jove's lofty coppice or Diana's grove. Keen fear impels our sailors with all haste to slack their sheets, and spread their canvas to the

659. *Trunca manu*: or, 'broken by his hand.'—*Conington*.

669. *sonitum vocis*: "It signifies little whether *vocis* be understood of the κλέσσμα or of the plashing of the oars; but the latter seems simpler, and agrees better with *taciti* (667). The pleonasm *sonitum vocis* need hardly trouble us."—*Conington*.

favouring breeze, whitherso'er it lead. On the other hand the commands of Helenus warn them not to hold on their course (686) 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis, a passage edging close on either side to death (685); so we determine to sail back again. But issuing from Pelorus' narrow strait, behold, the north wind comes. Soon am I carried past Pantagia's mouth of native rock, and Megara's bay, and Thapsus lying low. These Achemenides, the companion of ill-starred Ulysses, pointed out, while coasting back along the shores past by him in his wanderings.

"In front of the Sicanian bay there lies an isle facing sea-washed Plemyrion, and called by the men of old Ortygia. They say that Elis' stream Alpheus to this spot a secret passage forced beneath the sea; and now, O Arethusa, in thy fount he mingles with the waves of Sicily. Bidden, we invoke the great gods of this isle, and thus I sail past the rank leas of marshy Helorus, and then we shave the lofty cliffs and jutting rocks of Pachynus; and in the distance Camarina looms, ne'er by the fates permitted to be moved, and Gela's plains, and Gela huge, called by its river's name. Next lofty Agrigentum rears afar its mighty walls, the breeder some day of high-mettled steeds: thee, too, with breezes given I leave behind,

686. *Ni teneant cursus: ni = ne.* With *teneant* understand *socii*: Heinsius conjectured *teneam*. Conington gives the following translation: "On the other hand, the injunctions of Helenus warn us not to hold on our way between Scylla and Charybdis—either passage a hair's-breadth remove from death, so we resolve on sailing back again."

685. Lit.: 'a passage with a narrow interval from death on either side.' Conington's version is still more literal, but he admits the possibility of this interpretation.

Selinus, rich in palms : and I skirt the dangerous shoals of Lilybæum with their sunken rocks. And then the port and dreary shore of Drepanum receive me. Here, by so many sea-storms tost, I lose alas ! the solace of my every care and woe, my sire Anchises. Here, dearest father, thou' didst leave thy wearied son, snatched as thou wert, alas ! in vain from such great dangers. Nor Helenus the seer among his many fearsome warnings, nor dread Cælæno foretold to me this anguish. This was my final trial, this the goal of my long wanderings ; and when I past from here heaven brought me to your shores."

So king Æneas to them all attent singly recounted heaven's decrees, and told his voyage. He ceased at length, and having reached the end, here rested.

BOOK IV.

BUT the queen, smitten long since by strong desire, feeds with her veins the wound, and is wasted with hidden fire. Oft does the valour of the hero, oft the glory of his race, come rushing to her thoughts : fixed in her heart remain his looks and words, and passion to her limbs allows not quiet rest. The following morn was traversing the earth with Phœbus' lamp, and from the sky had scattered darkness dank, when thus the distempered queen addressed her loving sister : "Anna, my sister, O what dreams alarm and fright me ! What guest unwonted here hath come to our homes ! With what a mien he bears himself ! How brave in heart and feats of arms ! I feel indeed, nor is this feeling vain, he is an offspring of the gods. Fear argues base-born souls. Ah ! by what fates hath he been wrought, what fights he spake of waged to the bitter end ! If in my soul there sate not fixed and firm the will to bind me to no marriage yoke, since my first passion duped and cheated me with death, were I not aweary of the nuptial couch and torch, I might perchance have bent to this one weakness. For, Anna, I will confess that since the death of my poor spouse Sychæus, and the defiling of my home with blood shed by my brother, this man alone hath moved my heart, and brought my soul to waver. I feel the traces of that ancient fire. But may I choose that earth yawn for me to her lowest depths, or that the almighty king hurl me with thunder to the shades, the pallid shades of

Erebus, and deep night before I stain thee, Honour, or break thy laws. He who first joined me to himself hath borne away my heart, let him hold and keep it with him in his grave." So spake she, and with the tears which rose bedewed her breast.

Anna replied: "O dearer to thy sister than the light, wilt thou in solitary sorrow pine through all thy prime, nor ever know the charms of children and the joys of love? Deem'st thou that ashes and the buried spirit care aught for that? And be it so, no suitors heretofore have moved thee in thy sorrow either in Libya or before at Tyre: spurned was Iarbas and the other chiefs whom th' Afric land so rich in victories rears; wilt thou e'en fight against a love which pleases thee? And comes it not into thy mind in whose land thou hast settled? On one side the cities of the Gætulians, a race invincible in war, and the reinless Numidians, and the inhospitable Syrtis hem thee in: on the other a region barren from drought, and the men of Barca raging far and wide. Why need I speak of wars from Tyre arising, and thy brother's threats? Oh what a city here, my sister, wilt thou see, and what an empire rise from such a union. The arms of Troy assisting, with what power will Punic glory soar! Ask but heaven's favour and the rites propitious ended, give to welcome scope, and weave together pretexts for delay, while winter blusters o'er the deep, Orion storms, the ships are shattered, and the skies unkind."

With these words she fired with love her sister's burning soul, gave hope to her wavering mind, and quenched her honour. They visit first the shrines,

and ask for peace from altar to altar, and duly sacrifice choice sheep to Ceres the Lawgiver, and to Phœbus, and to king Lyæus, and above all to Juno, who guards the marriage-tie. Most beauteous Dido, holding a bowl in her right hand, pours it out herself between the horns of a white heifer, and paces before the statues of the gods beside the teeming altars, and begins the day again with gifts, and gazing eagerly upon the opened bodies of the victims, consults their quivering entrails. Alas, her seers' souls are dark! What boot the love-sick (queen) or vows or shrines? A subtle fire (66) the while devours her marrow, and in her bosom lurks a secret wound. Poor Dido burns, and wildly strays through all the city, like a doe by arrow stricken, which 'mid the groves of Crete a swain pursuing with his darts hath from afar hit unawares, and all unweeting hath left (in her) the flying steel; she scours in flight the woods and glades of Dicte; fixed in her side stands fast the fatal shaft. Anon she leads Æneas with her through the midst of the city, and shews him the riches of Sidon, and the town which she has built: she begins to speak, and stops in the middle of her words: anon, too (77), when the day sinks she seeks the banquet, and again in her folly begs to hear the fate of Ilium, and again she hangs upon the speaker's lips. Then when (the guests) are gone, and the waning moon veils in her turn her fire, and setting stars invite repose, alone she sorrows in the empty hall, and lies upon the couch which he has left. Absent she hears him absent,

66. Or, 'a fire wastes her tender marrow.'

77. *eadem*, sc. Dido; or, *eadem convivio*, 'a banquet like the last.'

THE ÆNEID.

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(hears) and sees ; or smitten by his likeness to his sire fondles Ascanius in her lap, if haply so she may beguile her love unspeakable. The towers begun cease rising ; her people cease to practise arms, and build or port or war-proof rampire : suspended hang the interrupted works, the walls high-beetling, and the heaven-reaching cranes (89).

But when the dear wife of Jove saw that the queen was possessed with such a passion, and that honour was yielding to infatuation, the daughter of Saturn addressed Venus with these words : " Brilliant indeed is the fame, and grand are the spoils which you and your son are winning ; great and lasting will be your renown, if by the treachery of two gods one woman is o'erpowered. I fail not, too, to see that you are afraid of my city, and that you hold the homes of lofty Carthage in suspicion. But what will be the end, or what use is there now in such a quarrel ? Why rather do we not make peace for ever, and a marriage contract ? You have what you have sought with all your mind : Dido is fired with love, and its frenzy is coursing through her marrow (101). Let us then make this people one, and rule it with joint authority : let her do service to a Phrygian lord, and pass into your hand these Tyrians as her dower."

To her in answer—for she felt that she had spoken with a feigned purpose, to turn away the empire of Italy to the shores of Africa—Venus thus began :

89. *machina*: either 'a crane,' or 'a pile of building,' or 'a turret on the wall,' or 'a military engine,' or a 'scaffolding.' I follow Conington, but very dubiously.

101. Lit. 'hath drawn wild passion through her bones.'

“Who can reject such offers like a fool, or prefer to strive with thee in enmity, if only fortune favour what thou plannest. But I am swayed by destiny to doubt, if Jupiter intends one city for the Tyrians and the men from Troy, or wills these nations to be mixed, or this treaty to be made. Thou art his wife: thou may'st assay his mind with prayer. Go on: I'll follow thee.” Then queenly Juno thus replied: “That task shall rest with me. Now by what means this business may be done, I'll briefly, mark me, tell. Æneas and most unhappy Dido with him intend to go a-hunting into the forest, as soon as the morrow's sun shall bring the dawn, and unveil the world with its beams. While the huntsmen are ranging about and surrounding the glades with their toils, I will pour down upon them a black cloud of rain and hail mingled, and will rouse with thunder all the sky. Their attendants shall fly and be shrouded in thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan prince shall gain the same cave: I will be there, and if thy goodwill be assured to me, I will join her (to him) in lasting wedlock, and give her up (to him) for ever. The god of marriage shall be there.” Cythera nodded, assenting to her request, and smiled at the trick she had discovered.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the deep, and when her beams appeared, a chosen band of youths came pouring from the gates; with wide-meshed nets, and gins, and steel-tipped hunting-spears, Massylian horsemen hurry forth, and strong keen-scented hounds (132). The chief men of the Phenicians wait at the

132. “*odora canum vis* is obviously modelled on the Greek use of *βλα* in a periphrasis.”—*Conington*.

palace-portals for the queen who lingers in her chamber, and gay with purple and gold there stands her steed, and fiercely champs his foaming bit. At length she comes forth with a great crowd thronging round her, and wearing a Sidonian mantle trimmed with an embroidered border. Her quiver is of gold, her tresses are wound into a knot with gold, a brooch of gold up-binds her purple robe. Her Phrygian guests too, and glad Iulus troop along. Æneas himself, in comeliness surpassing all the rest, advances as her squire and joins the train.

As when Apollo leaves his winter-home in Lycia and the streams of Xanthus, and visits his mother's Delos, and renews the dances there, while mixed together round the altars gambol the Cretans and the Dolopians, and the painted Agathyrsi, he strides along the heights of Cynthus, and smoothes and binds with a soft wreath his flowing locks, and twines them with gold, while his arrows rattle upon his shoulders; with no less agile grace than he Æneas moved along, and no less beauty shone from his noble face. When they reached the lofty mountains and trackless coverts, lo! from the rocky hill-tops driven, down from the heights the wild goats rush, while from another side stags race across the open plains, and mass their dusty herds in flight and leave the mountains. But the boy Ascanius in the midst of the valleys, exults in his spirited steed, and shoots anon past these; anon past those, and prays with vows that a foaming boar may be granted to him among the unwarlike herd, or a tawny lion come down from the mountain.

Meanwhile the sky begins to be disturbed with the deep roar (of thunder), and a storm of mingled rain

and hail follows, the Tyrian train, and the men of Troy, and the Dardan grand-child of Venus seek shelter in alarm across the plain in all directions; down from the hills the torrents rush. Dido and the Trojan leader gain the same cave. Then primal Earth and Juno queen of marriage give the signal, the fires of æther conscious of the rites flashed out, and the Nymphs shouted on the mountain-tops. That day was the first day of death and the first cause of ruin: for Dido is not moved by looks or words, it is not secret love now which she wills: she calls it marriage, with that name she veils her sin.

Forthwith through Libya's mighty cities Rumour flies, Rumour than which no swifter pest exists, by movement doth she wax, and as she moves she gathers strength. Humble at first through fear, efts-
soons she towers on high, and stalks athwart the earth, and hides her crest among the clouds. The Earth her mother, vexed with wrath against the gods, produced her, as they say, the youngest sister of Cœus and Enceladus, fleet of foot and swift of wing, a ghastly monster, huge, and on her frame each feather hath a wakeful eye beneath it, marvellous to tell, a noisy tongue too, and a mouth and listening ears. By night she flies through the darkness between heaven and earth, hissing, and never shuts her eye in gentle sleep: by day she sits and watches on the roof-top of a house, or on lofty palaces, and frightens mighty cities. For the nonce she was gleefully filling the nations with various tales, and was babbling equally of what was and was not done: Æneas sprung from Trojan blood had come, and fair Dido deigns to unite herself to

him as her lord, and now they are revelling all the winter long in dalliance with each other, forgetful of their empires, and ensnared by disgraceful lust. Such was the tale which the foul goddess spreads everywhere in the mouths of men. And straight she bends her course to king Iarbas, and fires his soul with her words, and heightens his wrath.

This son of Hammon by a Garamantian Nymph whom he had carried off, raised a hundred stately fanes to Jove in his broad realms, and a hundred altars, and had consecrated an undying fire, with men who watched for ever o'er the gods, and a pavement reeking with the blood of cattle, and lintels gay with variegated wreaths. He, mad of heart and fired by the bitter news, is said before the altars in the midst of the statues of the gods to have prayed much to Jove as a suppliant with up-turned hands: "Almighty Jove, to whom the Maurusian race now pour libations of wine while banqueting on their embroidered couches, seest thou these things? Or is it, O my father, all in vain that when thou hurlest thy bolts we dread thee, and are they aimless lightnings in the sky which fright our souls and roll unmeaning thunder? A woman who, a wanderer in our realm, paid for and built her humble town, a woman to whom we gave some coast-land to plough, and legal domination o'er the spot, has spurned our alliance, and received Æneas into her kingdom as her lord. And now that Paris with his emasculate troop, his chin and essenced hair begirt with Lydian tiar, enjoys his spoil: since we forsooth bring offerings to thy shrine, and worship an empty name."

While with these words he prayed and grasped

the altars, the omnipotent heard him, and turned his gaze upon the city of the queen, and the lovers heedless of their better fame. Then thus to Mercury he speaks, and gives these hests; "Away, my son, go call the breezes, glide down on thy wings, and to the Dardan chief who loiters now in Tyrian Carthage, and forgets the city granted him by fate, speak thus and bear my mandates through the rushing air. Not such did his fair mother promise us that he would be, and therefore save him twice from the arms of the Greeks: but one who would rule Italy, teeming with empire and fierce in war, one who would hand down a race from the lofty strain of Teucer, and bring the whole world under his laws. If the glory of such great exploits fire him not, and he takes no trouble for his own renown himself, does his sire grudge Ascanius the towers of Rome? What aims he at? or with what hopes is he tarrying in a hostile land, regardless of his Ausonian descendants and the realms of Lavinium. Let him sail: this is the sum (of my behest): of this be thou my herald."

He finished speaking, and (the god) prepared to obey the mandate of his mighty sire: and first he binds to his feet the sandals of gold, which bear him up upon their wings, above or sea or land, swift as the rapid breeze: then he takes the wand with which he calls forth paly ghosts from Orcus, or sends them down to gloomy Tartarus, (with which) he gives and takes away sleep, and opens the eyes of the dead (244); trusting to this he drives the winds (before

244. "*lumina morle resignat* = *lumina mortuorum resignat*."—*Conington*. For the Roman custom of opening the eyes of a corpse upon the pyre, see his note.

him), and sails athwart the eddying clouds : and now in his flight he sees the peak and lofty flanks of stubborn Atlas, who supports the sky with his head, of Atlas, whose pine-bearing crest is ever wrapt in dark clouds, and beaten by the wind and rain ; snow shed upon them hides his shoulders, streams rush down from the chin of the aged (giant), and his rough beard is stiff with ice. Here the Cyllenian god moving with level wings first stopt, and hence with all his force headlong he threw himself towards the deep, like to a bird, which round the shore, and round the fish-haunted rocks flits low anear the waves. Not otherwise the child of Cyllene, as he came from his mother's sire, flew betwixt earth and sky along the sandy shore of Libya and clave the air (256). As soon as with his winged feet he touched the (African) huts, he saw Æneas founding towers and building up fresh mansions : and his sword was starred with yellow jasper, and the robe which hung down from his shoulders was bright with Tyrian purple, a gift which wealthy Dido herself had made, and streaked the warp with threads of gold. At once he attacks him : " And art thou now laying the foundations of lofty Carthage, and like a fond husband building up a lovely city ? Heedless, alas ! of thine own realm and fortunes ! The king of the gods himself, who sways both earth and heaven with his power, sends me down to thee from bright Olympus ; he himself bids me bear these mandates.

256. Conington translates, strangely enough, ' he was dividing the shore from the winds.' I believe the passage to be an interpolation. Atlas was the father of Maia, the mother of Mercury.

through the rushing air : What aim'st thou at ? or with what hopes art thou wasting thy leisure in the land of Libya ? If the glory of so great a destiny move thee not, if thou takest no trouble for thine own renown thyself, think of Ascanius who is growing up, of thy hopeful heir Iulus (274), to whom are due the kingdom of Italy and the land of Rome." Having thus said, the Cyllenian god passed even as he spake (277) from mortal vision, and vanished far away from his eyes into empty air.

But Æneas was amazed and dumb at the apparition, his hair stood up with terror, and his voice stuck in his throat. He burns to fly away and leave the pleasant land, appalled by so high a warning and command from heaven. Alas, what can he do ? with what words can he now accost the impassioned queen ? what first beginning can he choose ? And now this way, now that he swiftly moves his divided thoughts, and whirls them into different directions, and sweeps them over everything. To him in doubt this seemed the better counsel : he summons Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus, and bids them silently equip the fleet, and collect their comrades on the shore, and get ready their arms, and dissemble the cause for this new step ; he meanwhile, as the noble Dido knows nothing, and expects not the rupture of so deep a passion, will seek access to her, and the softest hour for speaking, and the best method for the business. At once all joyously obey his command, and do his bidding.

274. "*spes Iuli*, not the hopes of the kingdom entertained by Iulus, but the hope of manhood afforded by Iulus."—*Conington*.

277. *medio sermone* : lit. 'in the midst of his speech.'

But the queen—who can deceive a lover?—divined their wiles, and perceived their coming movements, timid when all was safe (298). The same fell Rumour tells her to her distraction that the fleet is being got ready, and the voyage prepared for. She rages reft of sense, and roams in her fury through all the city, like a Thyiad roused by the shaking of the sacred symbols, when the triennial revel excites her by (the cries of) Bacchus which she hears, and Cithæron calls her by night with its uproar. At length the first to speak (304) she assails Æneas with these words:

“Perfidious man, and hast thou hoped that thou couldst hide so great a crime, and leave my land without a word? And does my love not stay thee, nor the faith thou once didst plight me, nor the thought that Dido (soon) will die by a cruel death? Nay more, dost thou beneath the sky of winter man thy fleet, and haste mid northern blasts to cross the deep, thou cruel man? Why, if it were no foreign strand, no unknown home that thou wert seeking, if ancient Troy yet stood, should (even) Troy be sought for by thy ships across a sea of storms? Is it from me thou art flying? O by these tears and by thine own right hand—since I have left myself, alas! nought else—by our union, by our incompleated nuptials, if I have ever deserved well of thee, or if thou hast ever found any pleasure in me, pity my falling house, and if there still be room for prayer, forego this thought I do beseech thee. It is for thee that the peoples of Libya

298. *omnia tuta timens*: “‘fearing every safety,’ much more every danger—a natural exaggeration of the unquiet suspiciousness of love.”—*Conington*.

304. *ultro*, see Smith's Dict., s. v., ii. 2.

and the princes of Numidia hate me, and that my Tyrians are incensed with me ; it is for thee, too, that I have destroyed my chastity and my former reputation, my sole claim to immortality (322). To whom art thou leaving me in my hour of death, my guest ? For this name is all which is left to me from that of husband. What am I to linger on for ? Till my brother Pygmalion destroys my city, or till Gætulian Iarbas leads me into captivity ? If only ere your flight a child had been born to me from thee, if a little Æneas were playing in my palace, to still recall you by his features, I should not seem altogether captive and desolate."

She finished speaking. He by the hests of Jove kept his eyes unmoved, and pressed his sorrow deep within his heart. At length he briefly answers : "Never, O Queen, will I deny that thou hast well deserved the utmost thou canst name ; and I shall always remember Elissa with pleasure, while memory lasts (336), and the breath of life sways these limbs. Now such brief answer as I can (337), I will give. I have not thought to hide my flight by stealth, pretend it not, I offered thee no bridegroom's torch ; I formed no union of that kind. If fate would suffer me to lead my life according to my wishes, and end my cares according to my will, Troy above all and the dear relics of my countrymen would I cherish, the lofty halls of Priam would still be standing, and

322. *quâ solâ sidera aditum* : lit. 'by which alone I was approaching the stars.'

336. *Dum memor ipse mei* : lit. 'while I have memory of myself.'

337. *pro re* seems to mean, 'as circumstances allow.'

I would myself have built a new Pergamus for our conquered people. But now Grynean Apollo bids me, and the Lycian oracles bid me seek great Italy; that is the object of my love, and that my country. If the towers of Carthage and the sight of a Libyan city keep thee who art a Phœnician here, what jealousy canst thou feel at Teucrians settling in Ausonia. We also have the right to seek a foreign kingdom. As oft as night covers the earth with her dank shades, as oft as the bright stars rise, the troubled visage of my sire Anchises warns me in dreams and frightens me; and my son Ascanius, and the injury done to his dear person, for I am defrauding him of Hesperia and the realms due to him by fate (move me). Now, too, the herald of the gods, despatched by Jove himself—I swear by thee and by myself (357)—hath brought his mandates through the rushing air; I myself have seen the god in broad light entering the city, and have drunk in his words with my ears. Cease to inflame thyself and me with thy complaints; I seek not Italy of my own free will."

While he thus speaks, she looks awhile at him askance, rolling her eyes from side to side, and scans him o'er with silent looks, and thus in wrath she cries: "Perfidious man, thine was no goddess-mother, and of thy race the founder was not Dardanus; but rugged Caucasus gave thee birth amidst its flinty crags, and Hyrcanian tigresses gave thee suck. For why should I feign, or what greater wrongs reserve myself for? Did he groan at my

357. "*utrumque caput* is best taken, 'mine and thine.'—*Conington*. The other interpretation refers it to Jove's and Mercury's.

tears? Did he move his eyes? Did he o'ercome shed tears, or pity her who loves him? Which, which of all my complaints shall I begin with? (371.) O now (I feel) neither great Juno nor the Saturnian King look with impartial eyes upon these doings. True faith there is not anywhere. Cast out upon my shores and destitute I welcomed him, and fool that I was gave him a share of my kingdom. I (saved) the fleet which he had lost, and I rescued his comrades from death. Ah me! fired by the furies am I whirled along. For now, aye, now we have the seer Apollo and his Lycian oracles, and the herald of the gods despatched by Jove himself brings his rough mandates through the air. Forsooth the gods above do work like this, and trouble of this kind disturbs their rest. I keep thee not, I answer not thy words. With the wind's aid seek Italy, and sail for a kingdom o'er the sea. I trust indeed, if the good gods have any power at all, that full upon the rocks thou wilt drain thy (cup of) punishment, and often call to Dido by her name. Absent though I be, I shall follow thee with lurid fires; and when cold death shall part my spirit from my limbs, in every place my spectre shall be with thee. Scoundrel, thou shalt be punished. I shall hear of it, and the tale will reach me in the nethermost shades." With these words she broke off her speech abruptly (388), and in her anguish fled the light of day, and turned away and hurried from

371. *quæ quibus anteferam* : lit. 'what shall I prefer to what?' i.e. according to Servius, "quid prius, quid posterius dicam."

388. "*medium sermonem* is intended to mark the abruptness and violence of her manner in doing it."—*Conington*.

his sight, leaving him hesitating much through fear and struggling to utter many things.

But good Æneas, though he longs to soothe the sorrowing queen with solace, and to remove her grief with his words, with many a groan and with his bosom shaken by his deep affection, still executes the mandates of the gods, and revisits his fleet. Then, indeed, the Teucrians ply their work with zeal, and drag down their ships along all the shore. The well-caulked keels are (soon) afloat, and they bring oars with the foliage still on them, and timber still unfashioned from the woods in their eagerness to fly. You may see them hurrying away, and rushing down from all the city. And as when ants, of winter heedful, waste a great heap of corn, and store it in their garner; their line moves black athwart the field, and they bear their booty through the grass along a narrow track; part pressing with their shoulders push the big grains of corn, part keep the line together and punish straggling; the whole path is alive with labour. What were your feelings, Dido, then at seeing this, what moans you made when from the summit of the citadel you saw the shore alive both far and wide, and knew that all the sea before your eyes was filled with noisy shoutings. Accursed love, what dost thou not force mortal hearts to do? Again she is forced to have recourse to tears, again to try him with her prayers, and as a suppliant bend her pride to love, lest she leave aught untried and so die needlessly.

“Anna (she cries) thou seest that those men are hurrying all along the shore; from every quarter have they come together; their sails already woo

the breeze ; and the sailors have gleefully placed the garlands on their vessels. If I have had the strength to look for such a sorrow, O my sister, strength shall I have to bear it too. Yet do this one thing for me in my misery, Anna ; for thee alone that traitor used to pet, and even his secret feelings trust to thee, and thou alone knewest the best time for finding access to him (423) : go, my sister, and as a suppliant address my haughty foe : I swore not with the Danaans at Aulis to extirpate the Trojan race, I sent no fleet to Pergama, I have not moved the ashes or the spirit of his sire Anchises, for which he should refuse to let my words enter his cruel ears. Whither is he rushing ? Let him grant this last favour to the hapless woman who loves him : let him wait till his voyage is easy and the winds are favourable. I ask not now for our former union which he has betrayed, nor for him to forego fair Latium and resign his kingdom ; mere time I ask for, time for my frenzy to abate (433), till my fortune teach me in my disappointment how to grieve. I beg of thee this last favour—pity thy sister—and when thou shalt have granted it, I will return it with interest at my death (436).”

So prayed she, and such complaints as this her most

423. “*virī aditus et tempora* seems to be a kind of hendiadys for *tempora nisi adeundi*.”—Conington.

433. Similarly *requiem spatiumque* = *spatium ad requiescendum*.

436. *cumulatam morte remittam* : no satisfactory or even tolerable explanation has ever been given of this phrase. *Veniam* has been referred to Æneas and Anna ; *cumulata* and *dederit* are various readings : but the meaning remains as dark or darker than *nec cedit honori* in the third book. Ribbeck, apparently in despair, writes *cumulatam monte*.

unhappy sister took and took again. He by no complaints is moved, and all her words he hears with obduracy; the fates are adverse, and heaven shuts the hero's kindly ears. And as when Alpine winds, anon from this side and anon from that, vie with each other to uproot with their blasts some mighty oak of strength matured by years, the uproar rises, and as the trunk is shaken, the foliage deeply strews the ground. Fixed in the rock the tree remains, and far as with its crest it stretches to the air of heaven so far (it stretches) with its root to the nether world. Just so with never-ending words the hero is assailed in every way: he feels deep sorrow in his mighty breast; his mind remains unmoved, their tears are shed in vain.

Then indeed hapless Dido, terrified by her doom, prays for death; it wearies her to look upon the vault of heaven. And that she may the more work out her plan and leave the light of day, she sees while placing her gifts upon the incense-burning altars—O horrible to tell—the holy liquids blacken, and the out-poured wine change to foul-omened gore. This sight she told to none, not even to her sister. Moreover there was in her palace a chapel of marble to her former husband, which she venerated with exceeding honour, and decked with snow-white fillets of wool, and sacred garlands: and voices seemed to come to her from out of it, and the words of her husband calling her, when dark night covered the earth; and oftentimes on her roof-top the solitary owl complained in strains funereal, and prolonged its melancholy cry (463); and many a prediction too of the

463. *longas in fletum ducere voces*: lit. 'drew its notes out into a wail.'

seers of old affrights her with its awful warning. In dreams Æneas savagely hunts her till she is mad : ever she seems to be left alone with herself, ever to be treading a long road alone, and to be seeking her Tyrians in a desert land. Just as mad Pentheus sees the band of the Eumenides, or as Orestes the son of Agamemnon, when driven across the stage he flies from his mother armed with torches and deadly serpents, while the avenging Furies are sitting in the threshold.

Therefore, when quite o'erpowered by grief she harboured madness and resolved to die, she plans with herself the time and way, and addresses her sorrowing sister, hiding her purpose with her looks, and shewing clear hope upon her brow : " Sister—congratulate thy sister—I have found a way to bring him back to me, or free me in my love from him. Hard by the Ocean's marge and the setting sun is the uttermost land of the Æthiopians, where mighty Atlas turns upon his shoulders the sphere studded with its stars of fire (482) ; a priestess from that land of the Massylian race hath been shewn to me, she was the guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, and she used to watch the sacred boughs of their tree, and give his cates to the dragon, sprinkling liquid honey over them and slumberous poppy-seed. She engages with her songs to free the souls she chooses, and to send cruel pangs into others ; to stop the course of rivers, and turn the stars back. She calls up spirits by night ; you will (hear) earth rumble beneath your feet, and see the mountain-ashes descend from the mountains. I call the gods to wit-

482. *aptum* : lit. 'connected with' or 'fastened to.'

ness, and thee, dear sister, and thy sweet person, that I arm myself with magic arts unwillingly. Do thou in secret in the inner part of my palace build a pyre up sky-ward, and let them place upon it the arms which that wicked man left hanging in my bridal-chamber, and all his apparel, and the marriage-couch on which I perished: it is my pleasure to destroy all memorials of the abominable man, and so the priestess enjoins." Having thus spoken she was dumb, and pallor overspread her countenance. But Anna thinks not that with these novel rites her sister veileth death, frenzy so great she does not understand, and dreads naught worse than what took place at the death of Sychæus. Therefore she prepares what she was bidden.

But the queen, when in her inner hall the pyre was sky-ward raised, bulky with pines and planks of holm-oak, both binds the pile with garlands and crowns it with funereal wreaths: and prescient of the future, on the couch she places the apparel and sword which he had left behind and his effigy. Altars are set up around, and the priestess with dishevelled hair calls with a voice of thunder on three hundred gods, and Erebus and Chaos, on triform Hecate, and the three-faced virgin Diana. She had sprinkled too the water feigned to be from lake Avernus, and rank herbs cut by moonlight with a brazen sickle and filled with the juice of black poison are procured, procured too is the love-charm torn from the forehead of a new-born foal, and snatched away from its dam. Dido herself, with the salt-cake and purified hands beside the altar, with one foot free from the sandals, and in flowing robes, being about to die,

calls upon heaven and the stars all conscious of her doom, and prays to every just and heedful deity who cares for lovers matched in unequal yoke.

'Twas night, and weary men throughout the earth were taking quiet rest, the woods and the wild waves were still, while the stars were rolling in the mid-point of their course, while every field was silent, and beasts and parti-coloured birds, both those which far and wide haunt liquid lakes and those which haunt the woodlands rough with boscage, composed in sleep beneath the silent night, were soothing all the troubles of their hearts oblivious now of toil. But not so the Phœnician queen distressed in soul, she never softly passes into sleep, or feels the night with eye or bosom : her pangs redouble, and her love rising again bursts out, and she tosses on the mighty billows of anger. Thus then she begins, and thus she communes in her heart with herself. "Lo ! what am I about ? Shall I, the object of their scorn, try my old lovers once again, and humbly seek a union with those Nomads whom I have already so often spurned as husbands ? Shall I then follow the fleets of Ilium, and (obey) the vilest orders of the Teucrians ? because forsooth they are pleased to have been succoured by my aid, and gratitude for that old deed stays fixed with men whose memories are so good ? But grant I wish it, who will give me leave, or take on board those haughty ships my hated self ? Alas, lost wretch, knowest thou not yet nor dost thou understand the perjuries of the people of Laomedon ? Well then, shall I fly alone and attend those exulting sailors ? Or shall I attack, surrounded by my Tyrians and all the forces of my

nation, and again drive o'er the sea those whom I with difficulty tore from Sidon's city? Nay, die as thou deservest, and remove thine anguish with the sword. O my sister, vanquished by my tears, thou wert the first to load me in my madness with these ills, and give me to the foe. I could not then, like some wild creature, pass my life in innocence away from the bridal-chamber, and meddle not with troubles of this kind! I have not kept my promise to the ashes of Sychæus!" Such were the plaints which from her bosom burst.

Æneas, now determined to depart, was in his tall ship slumbering, having made all things ready. And the form of the god returning with the same countenance came before him in his sleep, and again appeared to warn him, like Mercury in every point, in voice, complexion, yellow locks, and limbs made beautiful by youth. "Son of a goddess (cried he), canst thou slumber on at a time like this, and seest thou not what dangers are around thee after this, and hearest thou not the favouring breezes blow? Treachery and mischief dire is she plotting in her mind, being absolute for death, and changeful are the storms of passion which she raises. Fly hence with speed, while flight with speed is in thy power! Soon wilt thou see the main lashed by her ship, and her cruel torches glittering, and the shore ablaze with fire, should morning find thee lingering on this coast. Ho, up! Cast off delay! Changeful and fickle is a woman ever." So spake he, and melted away in the dark night.

Then indeed Æneas, affrighted by the sudden vision, rouses his body from its slumber and urges on his

comrades : "Haste, haste, my men, awake, and sit down on your benches. Shake out your sails with speed. Behold the god from high heaven sent urges us again to haste our flight, and cut our twisted cables. We follow thee, thou holy god, whoe'er thou art, and again with joy obey thy bidding. May'st thou be with us, and kindly help us, and bring us in the heaven fair constellations." He spake, and from its sheath draws forth his flashing sword, and shears the cables with the naked steel. Like ardour at the same time seizes all: they haste and hurry: anon they have left the strand: the sea is hidden beneath their ships: they toss the foam amain, and scour the dark-blue waters.

And now Aurora leaving the saffron-tinted couch of Tithonus was flooding the earth with her young beams. As soon as the queen from her citadel saw the light whiten and the fleet move on with level sails, and saw too that the beach and port were bare without a sailor on them, thrice and again she beat her lovely breast and tore her auburn hair, and "In the name of Jupiter," she cries, "shall this man go, and shall a foreigner have mocked my realm? Will they not seize their arms and follow in pursuit from all the city, while others launch my vessels from the docks? Away, bring fire at once, give out the weapons, ply your oars. What am I saying? Where am I? What madness works this change upon my mind? Ah, hapless Dido! do thine ill deeds touch thee now? 'Twere fit that they had done so when thou gavest him the sceptre. Look at the plighted hand and faith of him who bears about with him, men say, his country's gods, and carried on his shoul-

ders his sire worn out with age! Could I not have seized and torn him limb-meal, and flung his body to the waves? Could I not have slain his comrades with the sword, and Ascanius himself, and have served him up as food at his father's table? But the fortune of the struggle had been doubtful.—It might have been; whom feared I, destined as I was to die? I should have carried torches to his fleet, and filled with flames the gangways, I should have slain both son and sire with all their race, and flung myself upon their pyre. O Sun that lookest with thy beams on all the works of earth, O Juno arbitress and witness of these woes, O Hecate howled at by night in crossways through our cities, and ye avenging Furies, and ye gods of dying Elissa, hear ye these words, and turn your power by evil justly moved against it, and listen to my prayers. If it must be that that bad man reach port, and make the land, if so the doom pronounced by Jove demands, and this result is fixed; yet, harassed by the warlike arms of a bold race, far from his land, and torn from the embraces of Iulus, may he sue for help and see the shameful slaughter of his people; and when he yields to the terms of an unequal peace, let him not enjoy his kingdom and the cheerful day, but let him die before his time, and lie unburied on the open plain. This is my prayer, and these the last words which I pour out with my life-blood. And Tyrians, press ye with your hate this race, and all their future stock, and send these offerings to my ashes. No love, no treaties let there be between our nations. Rise from my bones, avenger mine, to chase with torch and steel these Dardan colonists, now or hereafter,

at whatever time the power shall be bestowed. Shore against shore, I pray, sea against sea, and armament 'gainst armament; let these men and their children war for ever!"

So spake she, and to all points turns her mind, seeking how first to cast away the life she loathes. Then briefly Barce she addressed, Sychæus' nurse, for black dust lay upon her own in her old native land: "Dear nurse," she said, "bring hither to me my sister Anna, bid her make haste to sprinkle her body with running water, and lead forth the victims and offerings which were enjoined; thus let her come, and do thou thyself shade thy brows with a sacred fillet. The rites to Stygian Jove, which I have duly ordered and begun, I have a mind to finish, and to put an end to my troubles, and give the Dardan's (640) pyre to the flames." So spake she, and with the eagerness of eld the other quickened her steps. But Dido trembling, and maddened with her monstrous act, rolling her blood-shot eyes, and marked with red spots on her quivering cheeks, and pale at the approach of death, bursts through the inner portals of her palace, and flushed with frenzy mounts the lofty pyre, and draws the Dardan sword, a gift not sought for (647) for such use as this. Here, when she saw the Trojan garments, and the well-known couch, pausing awhile in tears and thought, she lay down upon the bed, and spake her last words: "Ye relics, dear while fate and heaven allowed, receive

640. *Dardanii capitis*, a periphrasis like *infandum caput* in line 613. Compare the similar use of *κεφαλή* in Greek.

647. *quasitum*, either 'begged' from Æneas by Dido, or 'procured' by Dido as a present for Æneas.

my life, and free me from these troubles. I have lived, I have finished the course which fate had given me, and now my shade will pass majestic underneath the earth. I have built a noble city: I have seen my own strong walls: I have avenged my spouse, and taken satisfaction from my hostile brother; happy, ah me, aye more than happy, had but the Dardan keels ne'er touched my shores." She spake, and with her lips pressed to the couch, "Shall I die unrevenged?" she said, "but let me die! Thus, thus I joy to go down to the shades. Let the cruel Dardan from the deep drink in with his eyes this fire, and carry with him the omens of my death." So spake she, and in the midst of words like these, her attendants saw her fallen upon the sword, and the weapon and her hands reeking and bespattered with blood. Their cry goes forth to the lofty halls: Rumour rushes through the frightened city. The houses ring with cries, and groans, and the shrieks of women: and the air resounds with their loud wailing. It was as if all Carthage or old Tyre were falling with the foe within them, and raging flames were rolling through the homes of men and gods. Her sister heard it fainting, and terrified with hasty steps, tearing her cheeks with her nails, and beating her breast with her clenched hands, comes rushing through the midst, and calls upon the dying queen by name. "This was it then, my sister? With deceit didst thou assail me? This was it that the pyre, this that the fires and altars were preparing for me? What shall I first bewail in my lorn state? Didst thou disdain in death thy sister's fellowship? Thou shouldst have summoned me to the same doom; the same hour, and

the same sword-wound should have taken off both of us. I built, too, with these hands, and called aloud upon our country's gods, that I might cruelly be absent when thou wert lying thus. Thou hast ruined thyself and me, my sister, and the people and princes of Sidon, and thy city. Give me water for the wounds (683) that I may wash them, and if a last breath still be fluttering may take it with my lips." While thus she spake, she had mounted the high steps, and embracing her half-dead sister was fondling her upon her breast and moaning, and staunching with her dress the purple gore. She strives to raise her heavy eyes and faints again, the deep wound gurgles beneath her bosom. Thrice she rose, lifting up herself and leaning on her elbow, thrice she fell back upon the couch, and with swimming eyes sought for light in the high heaven, and groaned when she had found it.

Then Juno the omnipotent, pitying her long agony and painful death, sent Iris down from Olympus to free the struggling soul and the limbs that cling to it, for since she was dying neither by fate (696), nor by a death deserved, but miserably before her time and fired by sudden frenzy, Proserpine had not yet shorn the lock of yellow hair from her head, and given over her life to Stygian Orcus. So dewy Iris on her saffron-tinted wings flies downward through the air, trailing a thousand variegated hues against

683. *Date vulnera lymphis*: either by hypallage for *date lymphas vulneribus*: or = *date lymphas ut vulnera lymphis abluam*.

696. *fato*, i.e. in the course of nature: *merita morte*, i.e. put to death for some crime.

the sun, and alights above her head: "This lock," she cries, "to Dis devoted, I by command now bear away, and free thee from that body." Then with her hand she shears the lock: and with it all warmth passed away, and life dispersed into the air.

BOOK V.

MEANWHILE Æneas with his fleet was already steadfastly holding on his course in mid career, and cleaving the billows darkened by the northern blast, still gazing back upon the city, which was now lit up by the pyre of the hapless Elissa. What cause had kindled so fierce a flame was hidden from them, but the keen pang of deep love outraged, and the thoughts of what a frenzied woman can do, fill the minds of the Teucrians with a gloomy foreboding.

When the ships gained the deep, and land no longer met the view, but sea on all sides and on all sides sky, a blue-black storm-cloud formed above his head, bringing gloom and tempest, and the waves roughened with the darkness. The pilot himself, Palinurus, on the lofty stern, said: "Alas, why have such monstrous storm-clouds veiled the sky? Or what, O father Neptune, dost thou intend?" So spake he, and then bids them shorten sail and ply the vigorous oar, and turns the bellying canvas sideways to the wind, and thus continues: "Great-hearted Æneas, were Jove himself to promise it on his own warrant, I should not hope to reach Italy in this weather. The winds have changed, and are blowing furiously across our bows, and are rising in the blackening west, and the air is thickening into mist. We are not strong enough to strive against them and make way. Since Fortune is too strong for us, let us yield to her, and whither she calls us, bend our course. Not distant are the trusty shores,

I ween, of your brother Eryx, and the harbours of the Sicani, if I rightly remember, as I trace them again, the stars I whilome noted." Then answered good Æneas: "I have long seen that the winds will have it so, and that you are struggling in vain against them. Change the vessel's course. Can there be any land more dear to me, or one to which I would sooner choose to steer my labouring ships, than that which holds my Dardan friend Acestes, and guards in its bosom the bones of my father Anchises?" After these words they make for port, and favouring west-winds fill their sails. The fleet rides swiftly o'er the deep, and at length with joy they reach the well-known strand.

But afar from a lofty mountain-top Acestes sees with wonderment the arrival of the vessels of his friends, and, bristling with hunting-spears and the skin of a Libyan she-bear, runs to meet them. He was the son of the river-god Crimisus, and his mother was a Trojan dame; and true to the memory of his ancestry he congratulates the Trojans on their return, and joyfully entertains them with rustic splendour, and comforts their tired frames with friendly cheer.

When the next day at earliest dawn had put the stars to flight with its brightness, Æneas summons his comrades from all the shore to an assembly, and addresses them from the elevation of a mound: "Great sons of Dardanus, men of the lofty lineage of heaven, a circling year is now complete, with all its months fulfilled, since we laid in the earth the relics and bones of my godlike father, and hallowed to him altars of sorrow. And now, if I mistake not,

'tis the day which—so ye gods have willed it—I shall ever hold a day of bitterness, and a day of honour. Should I e'er pass this day an exile on the Syrtes of Gætulia, or on the Argive sea caught unawares, and in the city of Mycenæ, I yet would duly pay my annual vows and solemn services, and pile his altars with the gifts which are their meed. And now we are here even at the very bones and ashes of my sire—truly, I ween, not without Heaven's will and guidance—and have been wafted down into this friendly haven. Come then, and let us all hold joyous festival; let us invoke the winds, and beg him to vouchsafe that I may yearly offer him a sacrifice like this, when I have built my city, in a temple dedicated to himself. That son of Troy, Acestes, gives you a pair of beeves for each of your ships according to their number; invite to the banquet both the penates of your native land and those whom our host Acestes worships. Moreover, if the ninth morn shall bring a day of brightness to the sons of men, and deck this orb with sunbeams, I will first propose a match for the swift ships of the Teucrians, and then for him who is strong and fleet of foot, and him who, trusting to his strength, steps forth as champion with dart and light arrows, or ventures to do battle with the raw leathern cestus; let all attend, and look for the meed of well-earned victory. Keep a religious silence all, and bind your brows with leaves."

Having thus said, he shades his brows with his mother's myrtle. Helymus does the same, and Acestes ripe in years, and young Ascanius, and the rest of the people follow them. And then he went forth with

the thronging thousands from the assembly to the tomb, in the midst of the vast crowd which accompanied him. There making due libation, he pours upon the ground two bowls of unmixed wine, two of fresh milk, and two of consecrated blood, and flings bright flowers, and thus begins: "Hail, sainted parent, once again: hail, O ye ashes of him I saved in vain (80): hail, shade and spirit of my sire! 'Twas not permitted me to seek with thee the land of Italy and my destined realms, and Ausonian Tiber, whatsoever that be." So had he spoken, when a glistening snake of size enormous dragged forth from the interior of the hallowed spot its seven spires, and seven voluminous folds, and quietly twined itself about the tomb, and glided over the altars: bluish-black marks were on its back, and a chequered lustre fired its scales with gold, just as a rainbow flings upon the clouds against the sun its thousand variegated hues. Æneas stood astonished at the sight. At length the creature, creeping with its lengthy bulk among the bowls and goblets smooth, tasted the cates, and again harmlessly entered the interior of the tomb, and left the altars it had fed on. At this Æneas all the more pursues the sacrifice he had begun to his sire, uncertain whether he should deem it to be the genius of the spot or the attendant spirit of his father. Two sheep he duly slays, and as many swine, as many black-backed beeves: and proceeded to pour wine from bowls, and call upon the spirit of great Anchises, and his shade released from Acheron. His

80. *recepti* has also been referred to this second visit, 'ashes which I vainly greet again.' I am by no means so sure as Conington is that this is wrong.

comrades too, each in proportion to his store, joyously present their gifts, loading the altars and sacrificing beeves: others in turn arrange the vessels of brass, and scattered about upon the greensward place spits above live-coals, and roast the entrails.

The expected day was come, and now in unclouded brilliancy the ninth moon rose, drawn by the steeds of Phaëthon, and rumour and the name of renowned Acestes had called the neighbouring peoples out: in joyous troops they crowd the strand to see the followers of Æneas; part, too, for strife prepared. In the first place the prizes are set out before their gaze, and in the centre of the arena sacrificial tripods and verdant chaplets and palms the victor's guerdon, and arms and raiment dyed with purple, and talents of gold and silver; and from a mound in the centre a clarion proclaims that the games have begun. Four equal vessels, picked from the whole fleet, enter for the first contest with their heavy oars. Mnestheus with an active crew directs the swift *Pristis*, Mnestheus ere long of Italy he, and from him the family of the name of Memmius; Gyas the huge *Chimæra* of huge bulk, vast as a town, which with three banks of oars the Dardan youth impelled, oar rising above oar in triple tier; and *Sergestus*, from whom the *Sergian* house obtain their name, rides in the mighty Centaur; and in the dark-blue *Scylla Cloanthus*, from whom came thy family, O Roman *Cluentius*.

Far out at sea, fronting the foam-fringed shore, is a rock, which at times is lashed and covered by the swollen billows when wintry north-winds hide the stars: in fair weather it is quiet and rises above

the motionless water, a field and resting-place most grateful for the sea-birds to sun themselves. Here king Æneas set up a verdant goal of leafy holm-oak, as a mark for the sailors to know whence to return, and where to bend their long circuitous course. Then they choose by lot their places, and on the vessels' sterns afar resplendent shine the chiefs themselves, arrayed in gold and scarlet; the rest of the people crown themselves with poplar-leaves, and their bared shoulders glisten smeared with oil. They sit down together on the benches, and stretch out their arms to the oars: intent they await the signal, while a throbbing tremor and the eager desire of glory heaves their beating hearts. Then, when the loud clarion sounded, they all without delay dashed forward from their stations: the shouts of the sailors rend the welkin, and the waters, churned by their vigorous arms, break into foam. Side by side they plough the main, which opens on all sides torn up by oars and trifurcated prows. Not with such headlong speed in the two-horse chariot-race do the cars cover the ground, and pour forth with a rush from the barriers, nor with such eagerness do the drivers shake their undulating reins above their bounding steeds, and lean forward to lash them. Then all the woods ring with the shouts and yells of men, and the cheers of partizans, and the narrow shore rolls back their cries, and the hills re-echo smitten by the uproar. Gyas shoots out beyond the rest, and glides away in front across the waves; and him Cloanthus follows next, in crew superior, but his ship slow-moving through its weight retards him. At an equal distance behind these, the Pristis and

the Centaur strive to gain first place ; anon the Pristis has it, and anon the mighty Centaur beats and passes her, and anon they both sweep on together and with level prows, and plough the briny waves with their long keels. And now they were nearing the rock, and reaching the goal, when Gyas who was first and leading in open water (160), shouted to Menœtes the helmsman of his ship : “Where are you going pray, so far away to starboard ? Turn your course this way : hug the shore, and let the oars just graze the rock to larboard : let the others have the deep water.” So spake he, but Menœtes, afraid of hidden rocks, turns his prow away toward the open sea. “Whither are you going out of your course ?” shouted Gyas again to him ; “Make for the rock, Menœtes !” And lo, he sees Cloanthus pressing close behind, and taking the nearer course. He, between the ship of Gyas and the resounding rocks, closely keeps the larboard course on the inside, and suddenly passes the leader, and gains safe water leaving the goal behind. Then indeed a mighty pang of anguish burnt in the hero’s marrow, and his cheeks were not free from tears, and forgetful of his own dignity and the safety of his comrades he hurls tardy Menœtes headlong down into the sea from the lofty poop, and goes to the helm himself as steerer and pilot, and encourages his crew, and turns the rudder landwards. But when Menœtes rose at length with difficulty from the bottom, encumbered as he was, being now in years, and with garments wet and dripping, he made for the top of the rock, and sate down on a dry crag. The Teu-

160. *medio in gurgite* : Conington thinks that by these words ‘half-way’ is meant ; I rather think they = *altum* in line 164.

crians laughed at him as he fell and as he swam, and laugh at him as he vomits the salt-water from his chest. Here a joyful hope was kindled in the two who were last, Sergestus and Mnestheus, that they might pass the lagging Gyas. Sergestus takes his place in front, and keeps close to the rock, yet he does not lead with the whole of his vessel ahead, with part of it he leads, part is overlapped by the prow of its rival the Pristis. But Mnestheus, striding among his rowers in the middle of his ship, thus exhorts them: "Now, now, give way, ye comrades of Hector, whom in Troy's last hour I chose for my companions: now put out that strength and courage which you used in the Gætulian Syrtes, and in the Ionian main, and in the rolling billows of Malea. I Mnestheus do not ask now for the prize, nor do I strive to win; and yet —! but let those gain the day on whom thou hast bestowed it Neptune; let us be ashamed of returning last; vanquish and avert such a disgrace as this my men." With the utmost eagerness they throw themselves forward; the brass-tipped vessel quivers with their mighty strokes, and the main glides away beneath them; then thick pantings shake their limbs and parched mouths; sweat flows from every pore in streams. Chance itself gave to this crew the honour which they longed for. For as Sergestus, mad of heart, drove his prow close to the rocks, and entered the dangerous water on the inner side, it stuck, alas, on the jutting crags. The rock was shaken, and the oars dashing against it crashed upon the jagged reef, and the prow was driven upon it and hung there. The crew rise together, and with loud shouts cease rowing, and get

out their iron-tipped staves and sharp-pointed poles, and pick their broken oars out of the water. But Mnestheus full of joy and flushed by success itself, swiftly plies his oars, and calling on the winds, gains the sloping (212) seas, and sweeps down into open water. As a dove, whose home and pleasant nest are in a sheltering rock, when suddenly disturbed in her cave, seeks the plain in flight, and frightened from her dwelling makes a great fluttering with her wings, but soon gliding down the quiet air she skims her liquid way nor moves her pinions swift: so Mnestheus and the *Pristis* speed swiftly through the last part of the course, and her own motion bears the vessel onwards as she flies. And first of all he passes *Sergestus*, who was struggling on the projecting (220) reef, and calling in vain for help in the shallow water, and trying to make way with broken oars. Next he catches *Gyas*, and the *Chimæra*'s self, huge as her bulk was; she yields, for she has lost her helmsman. And now at the very finish *Cloanthus* alone remains: he shoots after him, and striving with his utmost strength presses him closely. Then indeed the cries redouble, and all incite with cheers the second boat, and the welkin rings with their shouts. These scorn to lose the honour which was their own, and the prize which they had won, and are ready to barter life for glory. The others are warmed by success: they have power because they seem to have it. And perchance they

212. *Prona*, i.e. 'shoreward;' having rounded the rock they rowed down to the coast again.

220. *alto*: i.e. 'as compared with the water below it.'—*Conington*.

would have taken the prize with level prow, had not Cloanthus, stretching both hands towards the sea, poured forth a prayer, and called the gods to hear his vows : "Ye gods who sway the deep, and whose water I am now speeding over, gratefully will I sacrifice a white bull before your altars, bound by vow to do so, and will fling the entrails into your briny waves, and pour a libation of flowing wine." So spake he, and deep down beneath the waves the whole troop of the Nereids and of Phorcus heard him, and Panopea the virgin, and father Portunus himself pushed him forward with his mighty hand ; swifter than Notus and the rapid arrow his vessel sped to land, and hid herself in the deep haven. Then the son of Anchises, having duly summoned them all, proclaims Cloanthus victor, by the loud voice of a herald, and binds his brows with green laurel ; and bids them choose as a reward three beeves for each of the ships, together with wine, and take a large talent of silver. To the chieftains themselves he assigns special prizes : to the victor a gold-embroidered chlamys, around which ran a double border of broad Melibœan purple, and woven on it was the princely boy, chasing with spear and foot the fleet stags on shaggy Ida, eager, and like to one panting, when Jove's swift armour-bearer with his crooked talons caught him up aloft from Ida : his aged guardians vainly stretch their hands to heaven, and the furious barking of his hounds rises to the sky. To him who by his noble efforts gained the second place, he gave a triple-twilled corslet formed of polished links of gold, which he himself had stripped from Demoleos when he vanquished him by rapid Simois

under lofty Ilium, a gift for a hero, an ornament and defence in battle. His henchmen, Phegeus and Sagaris, with difficulty bore away its numerous folds on their straining shoulders; yet Demoleos whilome wore it when he drove the Trojans headlong in flight before him. Two caldrons of brass he makes the third prize, and two drinking vessels wrought out of silver and embossed with figures. So now they had all received their gifts, and proud of their prizes were strolling about with their temples bound with scarlet ribbons, when Sergestus, having at length with much skill torn himself away from the cruel rock, with oars lost and one tier disabled, brought in his ship unhonoured amidst jeers. So, as oft happens, when a brazen wheel hath run across a snake caught unawares on the high causeway, or a passer-by hath left it half-dead and mangled by a heavy blow or stone, it vainly tries to fly and lengthens out the folds of its body, still savage in one half, and with fiery eyes rears up its hissing throat; the other, maimed by the wound, holds back the creature writhing in knots, and twisting itself on its own coils. With such-like oarage the galley slowly advanced, yet she spreads her canvas and enters the haven with full sails. Æneas, pleased that the ship was saved and his men preserved, presents Sergestus with the promised prize. To him was given a female slave skilled in the arts of Minerva, Pholoë, a Cretan girl, with twins at her breast.

This contest ended, good Æneas moved to a grassy mead, shut in on every side by undulating wood-crowned hills, and in the middle of the valley was an amphitheatre; and the hero, attended by throng-

ing thousands, took his place in the midst of this arena, and sate down on a raised seat. Then he excites by guerdons the ambition of those who may wish to contend in the fleet foot-race, and displays the prizes. Trojans and Sicanians together come crowding on all sides, Nisus and Euryalus the first; Euryalus distinguished by his beauty and blooming youth, Nisus by his fraternal love for the stripling; these were at once followed by Diores, a royal scion of the noble race of Priam; and he by Salius and Patron together, one of them an Acarnanian, the other of Arcadian blood from the land of Tegea; then came two men of Trinacria, Helymus and Panopes, practised in woodland craft and henchmen of old Acestes; and many a one besides whose names fame hides in darkness. And then Æneas spake thus in the midst of them: "Fix these words in your minds, and mark them gladly: not one of this number shall depart without a gift from me. I shall give to each a pair of Gnosian darts bright with polished steel, and an axe inlaid with silver to take with him. All alike shall have this guerdon. The first three shall have prizes, and bind their hair with pale olive. The victor shall have a charger richly-caparisoned; the second an Amazonian quiver filled with Thracian arrows, supported by a broad belt of gold, and fastened by a clasp formed of a polished gem; the third shall depart rejoicing in this Argive helm." When he had thus spoken they take their places, and when they hear the signal, cover the ground at once and leave the post, and pour forth like a hail-storm, and at the same time mark the goal (317).

317. *signant*, i.e. 'with their eyes.' Another interpretation

Nisus is the first to go away, and shoots out far beyond all the rest, swifter than the wind or winged thunderbolt: next to him, but next at a long interval, Salius follows; then behind him, some distance intervening, Euryalus is third; and Helymus follows Euryalus; and then quite close to him behold Diore flies, and presses foot with foot, stretching forward to his shoulder, and were the distance longer he would glide forth in front and pass, and leave behind his rival (326). And now, almost at the end of the course and panting, they were nearing the goal itself, when luckless Nisus trips in some slippery gore, as it chanced that spilt abroad from the slaughtered oxen it had drenched the ground and greensward. Here the hero, already an exulting victor, kept not his stumbling footing on the ground he trod, but fell head foremost just in the filthy dung and blood of the victims, yet not forgetful of Euryalus he or of his love, for rising on the slippery soil, he put himself in the way of Salius, and he spun round and floundered on the sodden sand. Euryalus shoots out, and winning by this office of his friend, takes the first place, and flies along midst cheers and yells of joy. After him comes Helymus, and Diore who was now third victor (339). Here Salius fills all the seats of the vast amphitheatre and the front rows of the chieftains with loud outcries, and claims that the prize which had been snatched

is to supply a fresh subject to *signant*, 'others mark out the goal.'

326. *ambiguum*, strictly 'the dead-heater.' There is another reading, *ambiguumve*, 'or leave it a dead-heat.'

339. *tertia palma*: lit. 'who was now third prize.'

from him by a trick should be restored to him. The general voice protects Euryalus, and his charming tears, and his prowess, coming all the more graceful in a form so fair. Diore supports him, and with loud voice appeals, for vainly has he touched the palm, and gained the lowest guerdon, if the first prize is given to Salius. Then king Æneas said, "Your guerdons rest, my lads, assured to you, and no one moves the prizes from their order (349). Let me shew pity for a friend's mishap, through no fault of his own." So speaking he to Salius presents the huge hide of a Gætulian lion, heavy with shaggy hair and gilded claws. Here Nisus cries, "If such fine prizes are for beaten men, and thou dost pity feel for those who have slipped, what fitting guerdon wilt thou give to Nisus, who by my merits gained the foremost crown, had not the same cruel luck befallen me as Salius." And with these words he shewed his face and limbs befouled with oozy ordure. The good king laughed at him, and bade a shield to be brought forth, the work of Dindymaon, taken down by the Danaans from the sacred lintel of Neptune. With this splendid gift he presents the noble hero.

Then, when the running was over, and he had finished the prizes: "Now let the man with prowess and a prompt heart in his breast stand forth, and having gauntleted his hands, put up his arms." So speaks he, and displays two prizes for the fight, a steer

349. *movet ordine*: lit. 'no one moves the prize from its succession.' The three first prizes = *palma*, i.e. 'the meed of victory shared by three winners.'

bedecked with gilded ribands for the victor (366), a sword and splendid helmet as consolation for the vanquished. Without delay, Dares at once with all his huge strength uplifts his head, and rises amidst loud cheers from the spectators; he alone used to stand up against Paris, and he too, by the tomb where mighty Hector lies, smote and stretched dying on the yellow sand Butes the champion, who, of the house of Amycus the Bebrycian, came swaggering there with his gigantic bulk. Such is the Dares who rears his lofty head to begin the fray, and his broad shoulders shews, and flings his arms alternate out to their full extent, and beats the air with his blows. A match is sought for him, yet no one from the immense throng dares to face the man, and bind the gauntlets on his hands. So flushed with joy, and thinking that all were retiring from the prize, he stands before the feet of Æneas, and without more delay then grasps the bull by the horn, and thus speaks: "Son of a goddess, if no one dare to venture on the fray, what end is there to my standing here? How long ought I to be kept waiting? Bid me lead off the prize." And all the Dardans shouted with him, and clamoured for the promised guerdon to be given up to the hero. Hereat Acestes sternly chides Entellus as he sate beside him on the green bank of turf; "Vain is it then, Entellus, that thou wert erewhile the doughtiest of our champions; wilt thou so tamely let so great a prize be carried off without a fight? Where now, pray (391), is that

366. Or, 'with gold and fillets,' i.e. 'with gilt horns and decked with fillets.'

391. *nobis*: dativus ethicus.

god thy master Eryx lauded by thee in vain? where thy renown through all Trinacria spread, and those trophies which hang from thy roof?" He in reply; "My love of fame and glory have not gone as driven away by fear; but my cold blood is dull, made slow by age, and in my limbs the worn-out powers lack fire. If—if I had but now that youth which once I had, and which yon shameless braggart puts his trust in, moved by no guerdon, troth, or beauteous steer, I would have entered, and I care not for their gifts." So spake he, and then throws into the ring two gauntlets of enormous weight, with which fierce Eryx used to raise his hand for battle, and with their tough thongs brace his arms. Their minds werè filled with amazement; the mighty hides of seven huge bulls (404) lay there all stiff with lead and iron sewn into them. Dares is startled more than all, and utterly declines; and the stout-hearted son of Anchises (feels) their weight, and turns over and over the enormous coils of the thongs themselves. Then from his breast the old man fetched these words: "What had one seen the gauntlets, then the arms of Hercules himself, and the dread battle on this very shore? These arms thy brother Eryx erewhile bore;—still mayst thou see them stained with blood and scattered brains;—with these he stood against the great Alcides; with these I used (to fight), (414), while generous blood gave strength, and envious age

404. As Eryx may be considered a supernatural being, this exaggeration might be paralleled and defended by Satan's spear in the first book of "Paradise Lost;" but as Entellus is a mere mortal, it can hardly be justified.

414. *his ego suetus*: or, 'to these was I accustomed.'

lay not yet white above my temples twain. But if Trojan Dares objects to my arms, and this is the resolve of good Æneas, and my backer Acestes approves, let us make the fight an equal one, I give thee up the gauntlets of Eryx ; dismiss thy fears ; and do thou take off thy Trojan gauntlets." So speaking, he from off his shoulders flung his doublet, and the vast joints of his limbs, his mighty arms and sinews he laid bare, and stood a giant in the arena's midst. Then the chief, Anchises' son, brought gauntlets out of equal make, and bound the hands of both with equal weapons. At once each stood erect upon his toes, and dauntless high in air uplifts his hands. Far back they keep their heads well up away from blows, weave hands with hands, and provoke the fight. The one superior by the quickness of his feet, and trusting to his youth, the other powerful from his bulky limbs ; but his stiff knees stagger under his quivering frame, and painful pantings shake his mighty thews. Many a mutual lunge the heroes make without result, many redouble on their hollow flanks, and crashing sound upon their chests ; their hands play rapidly round ear and temple, their cheeks rattle beneath the sturdy blow. Firm (437) stands Entellus by his weight, and in one posture unremoved eludes the blows with body only and with watchful eyes. The other, like to one who does assail a lofty town with engines, or waits in arms around a mountain fort, tries now this opening and now that, and all the ground with skill, and with attacks oft changed assaults in vain. Entellus drawing himself up raises his right and lifts it high : the nimble foe foresaw the

437. *gravis*, lit. 'heavy,' i.e. 'firm.'

blow coming down, and slipt aside with his active body and got away ; Entellus spent his strength on air, and heavy as he was fell heavily of himself to earth with his vast weight : as oft on Erymanthus or great Ida falls a hollow pine torn upwards by the roots. The Teucrians and Trinacrians rise in their eagerness together : up to the welkin go their shouts, and Acestes is the first to run and lift with pity up the friend whose years were as his own. But by his fall nor damped nor cowed the hero fiercer to the fight returns, and nerves his force with wrath. Then shame and conscious prowess fire his powers, hotly he Dares headlong drives o'er all the field, now with his right redoubling his blows, and now too with his left ; no stay, no rest ; as storm-clouds crash with multitudinous hail upon the roof-tops, so with thick blows the hero rapidly with either hand smites and mauls Dares. Then king Æneas suffered not Entellus to rage with bitter passions, nor his ire to go too far, but put an end to the fight, and took away exhausted Dares, soothing him with words, and thus speaks : " Ah, hapless man, what madness dire hath seized thy mind. Seest thou not, that altered is his strength, and that the gods have changed. Give way to Heaven." He spake, and by his words broke off the fight. But him, trailing his feeble knees, and swaying his head from side to side, and pouring from his mouth the clotted gore and teeth and blood together (470), his trusty comrades carry to the ships, and being summoned receive the helm and sword : the palm and bull they to Entellus leave. Hereat

470. *mixtosque in sanguine dentes* : lit. 'teeth in blood commingled.'

the victor in his soul elate, and glorying in the bull, says, "Learn, son of a goddess, and ye Teucrians this, both what the strength was in my youthful frame when young, and from what death preserved ye keep your Dares." He spake, and stood before the forehead of the bull in front of him, which was standing by as the prize of battle, and drawing back his right swung the hard gauntlet full between the horns, rising the while, and drove it into the bone, and dashed the brains out. Down drops the bull, and lifeless on the ground lies quivering. He from his breast pours forth these words above it : "This worthier life, Eryx, I pay to thee in lieu of Dares dead : here I a victor lay aside the gauntlets and my art."

Forthwith Æneas summons those who may haply wish to strive with the swift arrow, and names the prizes, and with his mighty hand uprears the mast from the ship of Serestus, and hangs from the tall pole a fluttering dove in a rope passed across it, for them to aim their shafts at. The champions assembled, and a brazen helm received the lots thrown into it, and before all the first place falls amid loud cheers to Hippocoon the son of Hyrtacus : and him Mnestheus succeeds, but now the victor in the galley race, Mnestheus brow-bound with olive green. Eurytion was third, thy brother, famous Pandarus, who whilome wast, when ordered to disturb the truce, the first to shoot thy shaft into the midst of the Achæans. Acestes was the last, and lay at the bottom of the casque, for he too ventured with his hand to essay the task of youth. Then with their sinewy strength, as each best could, the heroes bend

their curved bows, and draw forth the arrows from their quivers. And the shaft of the youthful son of Hyrtacus is the first to speed through the sky and cleave the rushing air; and it goes right home, and sticks in the wood of the mast before him. The mast trembled, and the frightened bird shewed terror with her pinions, and all the assembly rang with loud applause. Keen Mnestheus next stood out with bended bow, and aiming high, levelled eye and shaft together, but alas he could not hit the bird herself with his steel missile; he severed the knots of the hempen bonds by which she hung foot-bound from the tall mast. Away she flies, and speeds into the air and dusky clouds. Then swiftly did Eurytion, who all this while held tense the arrow on his bended bow, call on his brother to hear his vows, and aiming at the dove, now jubilant in the free air and flapping with her wings, he strikes her close beneath the darkling cloud. Down she fell dead, and left her life among the stars of heaven, and as she fell she brought the arrow fixed in her. The prize now lost Acestes sole remained, and yet into the breezy air he shot his shaft, shewing his skill the aged king, and sounding bow. And here a marvel meets their eyes, sudden and fraught with weighty augury; the great result disclosed this afterwards, and awful seers proclaimed in later days this omen. For as it flew among the yielding clouds, the reed caught fire, and marked its track with flame, and vanished, quite burnt up into thin air: as oftentimes stars displaced from the sky sweep o'er it flying, and trail (what seems) their hair. With minds amazed the Teucrians and Trinacrians stood in doubt, and

prayed to the high gods ; and great Æneas does not reject the omen ; but embracing the delighted Acestes, he loads him with magnificent gifts, and thus speaks : “Accept them, sire ; for by these auspices Heaven’s mighty king hath willed that thou shouldst take a special prize exempt from lot. Thou shalt have this present from (535) Anchises old himself, a bowl with figures chased, which, as a noble gift in bygone days, Cisseus of Thrace gave to my sire to take as a memorial and pledge of his affection.” So speaking, he binds his brows with green laurel, and salutes Acestes as victor first beyond all. And good Eurytion did not grudge the exalted (541) prize, though he alone brought down the bird from the high heaven. Next for the prize comes he who cut the string, he last who struck the mast with his swift shaft.

But king Æneas, ere the match was done, calls to himself Epytides, the guardian and attendant of young Iulus, and thus speaks to his trusty ear : “Come, go, and if Ascanius hath with him his band of boys in readiness, and hath drawn up his riders (549), bid him,” saith he, “to lead his troops in honour of his grandsire, and shew himself in arms.” He himself gives orders for all the people who had poured into it to withdraw from the long amphitheatre, and for the arena to be clear. The lads advance, and side by side before the faces of their sires gleam on their bitted steeds, and all the men of Sicily and Troy admire them as they go, and cheer tumultuously.

535. Or, ‘given to old Anchises.’

541. *prælato honori*: lit. ‘the rank or prize set above or before his own.’

549. “*cursus equorum*, practically = *equitatum*.”—*Conington*.

All had their locks in order bound with chaplets of stripped leaves (556); all bear two cornel javelins tipt with steel, and some upon their shoulders polished quivers; a pliant torque of twisted gold runs just above the breast around their necks. The troops of riders, three in number, and their three captains, roam about; twice six bright striplings follow, each in open column and under equal chiefs. First comes the troop of youths which in triumphal march young Priam leads, his grandsire's name renewing, thy glorious son, Polites, destined he to magnify the Italians; and him a Thracian charger bore, marked with white spots, (a charger) tall, white pasterns shewing, and a forehead white. Next Atys came, from whom the Latin Atii derived their stock, young Atys, boy by boy Iulus loved. Last, and in beauty comely beyond them all, Iulus rode on a Sidonian steed, which beauteous Dido had bestowed on him, a token and a pledge of her affection. The rest of the lads ride on the Trinacrian steeds of old Acestes. The Dardans welcome the shy boys with cheers, and gaze delighted, and trace the features of their old progenitors. When on their steeds they had paraded joyously before the whole assembly and the eyes of their relations, Epitydes to them in readiness the signal gave by a shout (heard) afar, and cracked his whip. Swiftly they rode (580) apart in equal bands,

556. *tonsa coma pressa corona*: coma = galea et coma. The expression is somewhat harsh, but is the same in kind, as when we speak of a mail-clad knight having his shoulders bound with a baldric.

580. *Olli discurrere, &c.* I cannot assent to Henry's explanation of this passage. Conington's objection that it gives

and with the three troops separated broke the column up, and again at the word of command wheeled round and charged with levelled spears. Then other charges they essay and other flights, confronting one another (584), and tangled circles upon circles twine alternate, and wage in arms the mimicry of war; and now they shew their backs in flight, now for attack they turn their spears, and now peace being made ride side by side. As erst in lofty Crete the Labyrinth is said to have had a way constructed with blind walls, a mazy puzzle with a thousand paths, where the undetected winding irretraceable mocked every mark to follow (590); in such another course the sons of the Teucrians tangle their tracks, and weave in sport (a web of) flight and fray, like dolphins, which in swimming through the watery deep, cleave the Carpathian or the Libyan sea, and sport among the waves. This style of jousting and these games, when he with walls was girdling Alba Longa, Ascanius first revived, and taught the ancient Latins to perform, as he himself had in his boyhood and the youths of Troy with him (performed them); the Albans taught their chil-

three leaders to two bands seems decisive. I prefer to make *chori* simply = *turmæ*, and think that nothing more is meant than that the boys who had previously ridden in one column (*agmen*) of three divisions (*turmæ*) now separated. At the same time it is perhaps possible that *agmina* = *turmæ*, and that *diductis*, &c. may mean that they opened their ranks (*chori*) and deployed into line.

584. *adversi spatiis*: lit. 'opposed in point of ground.'

590. *signa sequendi*: "*signa* seem to be the marks by which a person would try to identify the way by which he had come. *Signa sequendi* will then = *signa quorum opera sequendum sit*."—Conington.

dren, and from them, next in succession, mighty Rome received the ancestral pageant and preserved it, and now the lads are still called Troy, and their procession Trojan. Thus far in honour of his deified sire had the games been performed.

But Fortune here first changed and broke her faith. While they with various games were paying due honours to the tomb, Saturnian Juno sent down Iris from the sky to Ilium's fleet, and wafted for her as she went a favouring breeze, much plotting, and in her old grudge not yet satisfied. The maiden-goddess speeding on her way along her thousand-coloured bow, shoots down unseen of all in her swift track. She views the mighty crowd, surveys the shore, and sees the port deserted and the fleet forsaken. But on the lonely beach afar retired the Trojan dames were lost Anchises weeping, and all were at the deep sea gazing as they wept. From all the same cry (springs), "Ah that so many waters, and so much sea, remain still for the weary!" A home they pray for; they are tired of bearing ocean's hardships. So in their midst Iris not inexpert of mischief throws herself, and lays aside her goddess' mien and robe. She becomes Beroë, the aged wife of Tmariar Doryclus, and noble birth had she, and whilome fame and children; and thus she comes amidst the Dardan matrons; "O miserable women," she exclaims, "in that no Grecian hand dragged ye away to death beneath the city of your native land. Ye hapless creatures, for what doom is fortune keeping you? The seventh summer since the fall of Troy is e'en now waning, while we, having tracked so many cruel rocks and stars, still roam o'er every sea and land,

following across the vasty deep receding Italy, and tossing on the waves. Here is the land of his brother Eryx, and here his host Acestes: what hinders him from founding here his walls, and from giving a city to his people? O my country, and my country's gods snatched from the foe in vain, shall then no city bear the name of Troy again? shall I then nowhere see the streams of Hector, Simois and Xanthus? Nay come, and with me burn the accursed ships. For in my sleep the form of inspired Cassandra semed to give me burning brands: and 'Here,' she cried, 'seek Troy! Here is your home.' E'en now 'twere time the deed were doing, omens so great brook no delay. Lo! altars four to Neptune; 'tis the god himself who gives us brands and courage." So saying, she is the first to snatch with force a deadly brand, and straining with her right hand lifted high, far back she whirls and throws it. Stirred are the minds and stunned are the hearts of the women of Ilium. Then one of the throng, the eldest of them she, Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's many sons, says: "Ye have not Beroë before you, dames, this is not the Trojan wife of Doryclus; mark ye the signs of superhuman beauty, mark her flashing eyes, her fire, her face, her accents, and the gait with which she walks. I myself parting from her, left but now our Beroë sick and vexed sore that she alone should lose so great a rite, nor pay due honours to Anchises."

Thus spake she. But the women stood in doubt at first, and scanned the ships with evil eyes, wavering between their wretched love for the land in which they were, and the realms which were calling them by the will of fate, when the goddess rose on her

level wings through air, and as she fled traced in the clouds her mighty bow. Then indeed, astonished by the portent, and carried away by frenzy, they all cry out, and (some) snatch fire from the hearths of their houses, while others spoil the altars and hurl torches made of their boughs and firewood. The fire rages without a check (662) o'er benches, oars, and hulls of painted fir. Speeding to the tomb of Anchises, and the seats of the amphitheatre, Eumelus reports the ships on fire, and they turn and see black ashes fluttering in a cloud of smoke. And Ascanius, e'en as he was leading his band of riders, was the first to make thus for the disturbed encampment swiftly on his steed, nor can his breathless guardians hold him back. "What frenzy strange is this," he cries, "what aim, what aim now have ye my poor country-women? 'Tis not the hostile camp of Argive foes, but your own hopes ye are burning! Behold, I am your own Ascanius!" and at his feet he flung the empty casque arrayed in which he had waged in sport the mimicry of war. At the same time Æneas hastens up and the throngs of Teucrians. But the women fly away in fear along the shore pell-mell in different ways, and steal into the woods and hollow rocks where'er they are; they loathe their deed and the light of day, they are changed, and know their own again, and Juno is cast out of their hearts. But not for that did the flames of the conflagration 'bate their resistless strength: the tow beneath the moistened timbers smoulders and emits thick smoke, a slow heat devours the ships, and destruction creeps adown through all their frames: the efforts of the heroes,

662. *immissis habenis*: lit. 'with slack reins,' i.e. swiftly.

and the torrents which they throw, avail not. Then good Æneas tore the garment from his shoulders, and called upon the gods for help, and stretched out his hands: "Almighty Jove, if thou dost not yet hate the Trojans to a man, if thine old loving-kindness still looks down on human suffering, aid my fleet now, oh sire, to escape the flames, and snatch the Teucrians' humble fortunes from perdition. Or hurl the rest to ruin with thy dread bolt, if I deserve it, and sink them here with thy right hand." Scarce had he said these words when a dark storm with outpoured rain doth furiously rage, and with the thunder tremble hills and plains: from all the sky down rushed the rain impetuous, and black with southern blasts. The ships are filled [with water] from above; the half-burnt planks are soaked, till all the fire is quenched, and all the ships, four [only] lost, are from destruction saved."

But king Æneas, stunned by this cruel mishap, now hither and now thither shifted aye, and changed the deep cares in his heart, whether to stay in the land of Sicily, heedless of the fates, or to seek the shores of Italy. Then aged Nautes, for beyond the rest Tritonian Pallas taught him and made him marked by his deep skill,—answers she used to give him as to what the mighty wrath of Heaven foreshadowed or the roll of destiny demanded—he solacing Æneas with these words begins: "Son of a goddess, thither let us go, whither the fates draw us again and again: whate'er betide, our fate can be conquered by bearing it. Here is thy friend Acestes, of Dardan lineage divine: him take and make the willing sharer of thy plans; give up to him

the crews of our lost ships, and all who are tired of our great enterprize and of thy fortunes; the aged men and the sea-weary dames, and all that are with thee who are weak and shrink from danger, select, and let the wearied creatures have a city in this land; they shall call that city, if thou wilt grant the name, Acesta."

Moved by these words of his aged friend, he then indeed is all distraught by cares. And black Night riding in her car held all the sky, and then the form of his father Anchises was seen to glide down from heaven, and straight pour forth such words as these: "O son more dear to me than life, while life was mine, O son sore wrought by Ilium's destiny, hither I come by the behest of Jove, who drove the fire from thy ships, and from his lofty heaven at length hath pitied thee. Follow the counsels which old Nautes gives most wise; thy chosen warriors, thy stoutest hearts, convey to Italy; a hardy people, rude in their way of life, thou must war down in Latium. Yet first approach the halls of Dis below, and through Avernus' depths seek, O my son, a meeting with me. For me no wicked Tartarus holds, no doleful shades, but in the sweet societies of the just I dwell, and in Elysium. Hither the virgin Sibyl thee shall bring by the blood of many sable sheep. Then shalt thou learn of all thy line, and of the city which is granted to them. And now farewell; dank Night is turning mid-way her career, and cruel Dawn hath breathed upon me with his panting steeds." He spake, and vanished into thin air like smoke. "Where art thou rushing now?" Æneas cries, "where art thou hasting? whom art thou flying from, or who keeps

thee from my embrace?" While thus speaking, he fans the embers of the slumbering fire, and as a suppliant adores with holy cake and teeming censer Troy's Lar and hoary Vesta's inmost shrine. Forthwith he summons his comrades, and Acestes first of all, and tells them of Jove's hest and his dear father's charge, and what design is fixed now in his mind. His plans meet no delay, and Acestes spurns not his request. They transfer the women to his city, and leave a willing crowd on shore, the souls who have no thirst for high renown. They make new thwarts for their ships, and replace the timbers which had been eaten by the flames, and fit the oars and cordage. Small is their number, but for war their valour tempered high. Meanwhile Æneas marks out the city with a plough, and allots the houses; and bids that this be Ilium and that quarter Troy. Trojan Acestes takes the rule with joy, and proclaims a council, and gives laws to the assembled chiefs. Then, towering to the stars on Eryx' crest, a fane is founded for Idalian Venus, and to Anchises' tomb a priest and a spacious consecrated grove are given.

And now the whole people had feasted for nine days, and made offerings on the altars; the winds are hushed, the waves are still (763), and the south breeze freshening calls them again to the deep. Along the winding shores loud wailings rise; locked in each other's arms they linger out a day and night. The very matrons now, the very men to whom erewhile the visage of the sea seemed grim, and its

763. *placidi straverunt*, &c.: lit. 'the quiet winds have smoothed the waves.'

name unendurable, wish to proceed and suffer all the hardships of the voyage. But good Æneas comforts them with kind words, and commends them with tears to their kinsman Acestes. He then commands them to slay three calves to Eryx, and to the Storms a lamb, and that the cables duly be unloosed (773). He, with stripped olive-leaves around his brow, stands high upon the prow and holds a bowl, and pours out flowing wine, and the entrails casts into the briny waves. The wind rising astern follows them as they go. His comrades emulously smite the waves and scour the main.

But meanwhile Venus, vexed with care, to Neptune speaks, and pours from her breast these plaints: "Juno's deep wrath and her insatiate heart compel me, Neptune, to descend to every kind of prayer: no lapse of time, no form of goodness soothes her; unmoved by Jove's behest and by the fates she resteth not. 'Tis not enough that by her cruel hate she hath torn their city out of the heart of the people of Phrygia, and dragged them through every kind of woe; the relics of Troy, the very bones and ashes of the ruined state she still pursues: and she perhaps may know the causes of such frenzy. Thou thyself didst but now behold what a sudden coil she made in the Libyan waves; when vainly trusting to Æolia's storms she blended sea and sky, and this she dared in thine own realms. Lo, too, by means of Trojan women driven to crime, she hath foully burnt the ships, and forced [Æneas], his fleet lost, to leave his comrades on an unknown strand. Oh! let the remnant, I implore, sail safely o'er thy main, let them

773. *ex ordine* = *rite*: or it may mean 'in succession.'

reach Laurentine Tiber, if what I ask is just, if there the city given by the fates." Then Saturn's son, the ruler of the deep, spake thus: "'Tis right, O Cytherea, wholly right that you should trust my kingdom whence you sprang. And I, too, have deserved this: oft have I stilled the deep mad fury of both sky and sea. Nor less on land—to Simois and Xanthus I appeal—hath been my care for your Æneas. What time Achilles in pursuit drove to their walls the breathless ranks of Troy, gave myriads to death, and the gorged rivers groaned, and Xanthus could not find a way and flow into the sea: then with the mighty son of Peleus as he fought, with strength and gods unequal, I Æneas saved in a hollow cloud, eager though I was to raze from their foundations the walls of perjured Troy, built by mine own hands. Now also the same purpose holds with me; dismiss your fear. He shall in safety reach the harbours of Avernus as you wish. One only shall there be whom you shall lose and look for in the deep; one life for many shall be given." When with these words the king had soothed and cheered the heart of the goddess, he yokes his steeds with gold, and puts the foaming bits upon them (818), and from his hands flings free the flowing (818) reins. Lightly o'er the billows' crests he glides in his sky-tinctured car: the waves go down, and the swelling main is with its waters smoothed beneath the sounding wheel, and from the waste of heaven the storm-clouds fly. Then came his vassals on, a motley train, huge monsters; and the hoary band of Glaucus and Palæmon, Ino's

818. *feris*: lit. 'upon the beasts.'

818. *omnes*: lit. 'all,' i.e. 'to their full extent.'

son, and the swift Tritons, and all the host of Phorcus; Thetis is on his left, and Melite, and the maid Panopea, and Nesæe, and Spio, and Thalia, and Cymodoce. Here in their turn sweet joys steal o'er the anxious heart of king Æneas; at once he bids that every mast be raised and the sails be stretched on the yards (829). Together all the (vessels) set their sheets; together spread their sails, now left, now right; together raise and lower the lofty ends of the sail-yards; favouring breezes bear the fleet along. In the van before them all Palinurus led the crowded line; the rest were bidden to shape their course by him (834). And now dank night had just attained her zenith-point in the sky; the sailors, stretched beneath their oars on the hard thwarts, were resting their limbs in quiet sleep; when Somnus, gliding lightly down from the stars of heaven, parted the dusky air and clave the darkness; seeking thee, Palinurus, bringing to thee, through no fault of thine own, a fatal slumber: and the god sat down on the lofty poop, in the guise of Phorbas, and poured forth these words from his lips: "Palinurus, son of Iasus, the waves themselves speed the fleet onward, steady blows the breeze, the hour is given for rest. Recline thy head, and from thy task withdraw thy wearied eyes. I will myself awhile for thee perform thy duty." But Palinurus, scarcely raising his eyes, speaks thus to him: "Me dost thou bid to misconstrue the face and sleeping billows of the sea at rest? me to believe this monster? What!

829. *intendi brachia velis*: lit. 'that the yards be stretched with,' or, 'in respect of the sails.'

834. *ad hunc*: i.e. 'after,' or 'according to him.'

shall I trust Æneas to the deceitful gales, and that, too, duped as I so oft have been by the wiles of a cloudless sky?" So spake he, and the tiller fixed and firm ne'er loosed, and kept his eyes upon the stars. But lo, the god shakes o'er his temples twain a bough dripping with the dew of Lethe and slumberous with the influence of Styx, and spite of his resistance closes (856) his swimming eyes. This sudden sleep had scarce relaxed his limbs when leaning down upon him from above, he hurled him forth into the watery waves, together with a portion of the poop torn off and with the tiller headlong, and calling oft in vain upon his mates: (the god) himself rose on his wings in flight for spersed air. But none the less the fleet speeds on its way in safety, and, as king Neptune promised, sails unalarmed. And now at length in its course it was nearing the rocks of the Sirens, dangerous erewhile and white with the bones of many men: the hoarse cliffs loudly roared with the ceaseless surge, when Æneas felt that his ship was rolling and tossing without its helmsman, and steered it himself that night upon the deep, with many a groan and stunned by his friend's fate: "Oh! trusting too much to a fair sky and sea, unburied, Palinurus, wilt thou lie upon an unknown strand!"

856. *solvit*: lit. 'looses.'

BOOK VI.

So speaks he weeping, and lets out his vessels' sheets, and glides at length up to the coast of Eubœan Cumæ. Seaward they turn their prows ; the anchors then with fluke tenacious hold the vessels firm, and the curved keels fringe the shore. The band of heroes eagerly leap forth on to the Hesperian strand ; some seek the seeds of fire latent in veins of flint, some strip (8) the woods, the shady haunts of beasts, and find and shew the streams. But good Æneas seeks the heights which great Apollo rules, and the vast cave, the deep sequestered haunt of the dread Sibyl, to whom the Delian seer gives by his inspiration a mighty mind and soul, and opens up the future : and now they reach the grove of Trivia and her roof of gold.

Dædalus, as the legend runs, when flying from the realms of Minos, ventured to trust himself to the air on soaring wings, and by a way untried sailed out for the cold North, and softly lighted at last on this Chalcidian height. Here first restored to earth he offered up, Phœbus, to thee his oary wings and reared a mighty shrine. Upon its gates (he carved) Androgeus' death : and next, O woe ! the sons of Cecrops doomed to pay each year, as penalty, seven of their children ; the urn stands by from which the lots were drawn. On the other side, as pendant, from the main the Gnosian land stood out. Here was Pasiphae's frenzied love, her sin by craft effected ; here the hybrid Minotaur biform, the badge of her unhallowed lust ; here, too, the

8. *rapit*, or 'scur.'

house with so much labour built, and mazy winding ways ; but Dædalus took pity on the royal maid's (28) deep love, and solved himself the maze's tricks and turns, guiding the puzzled steps (of Theseus) with a thread. Thou too, did grief permit it, Icarus, wouldst fill a place not small in such a mighty work. Twice he essayed to carve thy fate in gold ; twice failed the father's hand. And now their eyes would all these things successively peruse ; were not Achates sent before, now present, and with him the priestess of Phœbus and Trivia, Deiphobe, the daughter of Glaucus, who speaks thus to the King : " The hour admits not sights like these ; 'twere better now to slay seven steers from a herd that have never borne the yoke, and as many ewes selected duly : " so spake she to Æneas, and his men do not delay the sacrifice enjoined, and then the priestess summons the Teucrians into the lofty temple.

In the huge flank of the Eubœan hill is hewn a cave, whither a hundred broad approaches lead, a hundred doors, through which as many voices peal, the answers of the Sibyl. They had reached the threshold and the virgin cries ; "'Tis time to ask for oracles : the god, behold the god !" And as she spake, before the portal suddenly her face and colour changed, her tresses stayed not smooth ; but her panting breast and heart tumultuous with frenzy swelled ; larger she seemed, her voice not mortal rang, as on her breathed the ever-nearing influence of the god. " Quick to your vows, and prayers," she cries, " Trojan Æneas, quick ; for not before will the vast portals of the awe-struck

cave fly open." She said these words, and spake no more. A cold shudder ran through the hardy limbs of the Teucrians, and their king poured forth a prayer from the depths of his heart: "Phœbus, who aye hast pity shewn for the deep woes of Troy, who 'gainst the body of Æacides didst guide the Dardan shaft of Paris and his hand, with thee for leader I have visited so many seas bounding vast tracks of land, and the Massylian races far removed, and the strands which lie along the Syrtes; now at last we grasp the receding shores of Italy, only so far let Troy's ill-fortune follow us. Now it is right that ye also should spare the race of Pergamus, ye gods and goddesses all, whom Ilium and the great renown of Dardan land offended. And thou, O holiest prophetess, who dost foreknow the future, no realms I ask not to my destiny due, grant that the Teucrians and the wandering gods and storm-tossed deities of Troy may rest in Latium. Then will I found a temple of solid marble to Phœbus and Trivia, and holy days from Phœbus named. Thee, too, a mighty shrine awaiteth in our realms: for there will I place thy lots and secret oracles delivered to my people, and ordain, O gracious goddess, chosen priests. Only commit not thou thy strains to leaves, lest all confused they flutter sport of the rapid winds; sing them, thyself, I pray." He spake, and ceased. But the prophetic maid not yet submit to Phœbus, bounds wildly in the cave, if so she may cast from her breast the mighty god: so much the more he plies her foaming lips, tames her wild heart, and moulds her by his touch. And now the hundred mighty portals of the cave

open spontaneous, and bring the answers of the Sibyl through the air: "O thou who hast o'erpassed at length the mighty perils of the deep,—but direr ones await thee on the land—the sons of Dardanus will come to the realms of Lavinium; sweep from thy soul all fear of that; but they will wish, too, that they had not come. Wars, dreadful wars I see, and Tiber foaming with a flood of gore. No Simois, no Xanthus shalt thou lack, no Dorian camp; e'en now another Achilles is ready in Latium, himself, too, the son of a goddess: and Juno will cling to them and never leave them; when in thine hour of need thou hast recourse to prayers, what people is there in Italy, or what city, which thou wilt not pray to. The cause of so much misery to the Teucrians is once again an alien wife, and once again a foreign match. Yield not to danger thou, but far as fate will let thee, boldly go to face it. The road to safety, what thou wouldst least expect, will first be opened to thee from a Grecian city."

Thus the Cumæan Sibyl from her shrine chants her dark rede, and makes the cavern ring, wrapping the truth in mystery; with such force (100) Apollo shakes the bit in her frantic mouth, and plies the goad in her bosom. Soon as her frenzy ceased and her maddened lips were dumb, the hero Æneas begins: "No shape of danger rises, maid, or new or strange to me; I have foreseen, and with myself in thought gone through them all before. One thing I pray: since here are what are called the portals of hell's king, and the dark pool where Acheron o'erflows, may it be mine to go and see the face of my lov'd sire;

teach me the road and ope the awful gates. Him I upon these shoulders bare through fire, and darts pursuing us in thousands, and saved him from the midst of foemen; he went with me upon my way; all seas, weak though he was, he faced, and every danger, too, of wave and wind, beyond the strength and (natural) lot of eld. He also bade me oft with prayers to seek thee as a suppliant, and approach thy dwelling-place. Pity, I pray thee, gracious maid, both sire and son; for thou canst all things here, and not in vain hath Hecate set thee over the groves of Avernus: if Orpheus could fetch the spirit of his wife, trusting to Thracian harp and tuneful lyre; if Pollux by a death altern his brother ransomed, and so oft treads and retreads this way—why speak of mighty Theseus or Alcides? I, too, spring from sovran Jove.”

With such words prayed he, and clasped the altar, when thus the prophetess began to speak: “O man of Troy, sprung from the blood of gods, Anchises’ son, easy is the descent to Avernus; night and day the gates of gloomy Dis stand open; but to retrace thy steps and to come forth to upper air, this is the labour, this the difficulty. A few, whom partial Jupiter hath loved, or whom their fiery souls have raised to heaven, the sons of gods have had this power. Woods all the mid space hold, and round it flows Cocytus, gliding with black sinuous stream. But if thy soul so deep a longing hath, so strong a wish to twice explore the pools of Styx, and twice behold dark Tartarus, and if it delights thee to attempt so wild an enterprise, list what is first to be performed by thee. Hid on a tree umbrageous hangs

a bough with leaves of gold and flexile stem of gold, held sacred to the queen of hell (138): the whole grove aids to hide it, and the shades of darksome dells conceal it. But to explore the hidden realms of earth to none is given ere he hath plucked that bough of golden foliage from its tree. Fair Proserpine hath willed that this should be the offering brought to her. When one is torn away a second bough of gold succeeds, and puts forth leaves of the same metal. So look for it on high, and duly found, pluck it; for it will yield of its own will and prompt if the fates summon thee; but otherwise thou with no strength to bend it will prevail, and with hard steel to wrench it off. Besides, thy comrade's lifeless corpse—alas! thou know'st it not—lies, and with death polluteth all the fleet, while thou art asking oracles and lingering on my threshold. First bring him to his place and bury him in a tomb; thither lead sable kine; be that the previous sacrifice. So shalt thou see at length the groves of Styx, and realms by living foot untrod." She spake, and then in silence closed her lips.

Æneas goes his way with downcast eyes and sorrowing look, and leaves the cave revolving in his bosom with himself the dim-seen issues. With him his comrade true Achates goes, and plants his footsteps (weighted) with like cares. Much with themselves in various talk they spake, what dead companion had the Sibyl meant, what corpse to be interred. And when they came they saw on the dry beach, quelled by a death inglorious, Misenus, son of Æolus, than whom none other was more

138. *Junoni inferna*: i.e. Proserpine.

skilled to stir men's hearts with brazen trump and kindle battle with its notes. He had great Hector's comrade been, with Hector he went forth to battle grand with trump and spear. When that victorious Achilles him of life bereft, the valiant hero had allied himself to Dardan Æneas, following no lesser lord than heretofore. But now it chanced that, while with hollow conch he made the seas resound, and, madman that he was, called with his notes the gods to rivalry, Triton in jealousy, if such a tale is worthy credence, had the hero seized and whelmed him in the foaming waves among the rocks. So all, and good Æneas chief, wailed with loud outcries round the corpse. Then straight without delay the Sibyl's hest they weeping haste to do, and with each other vie to build with logs the funeral pyre and rear it to the skies. They go into an ancient wood of lofty trees, the haunt of beasts; felled are the pines, the holm-oak smitten by their axes rings, and ash-trees and the splintered oak is by their wedges split, and from the hills they roll huge mountain-ashes. Æneas, too, amidst these toils is the first to spur his comrades on, and wields a weapon like to theirs: and while he gazes on the boundless wood, thus with his own sad heart communes, and thus aloud he prays: "Would but that golden bough now shew itself to us upon its tree in this vast forest: for O, alas, too true were all things which the Sibyl spake of thee, Misenus." Scarce had he said, when at the word (190) two doves before the hero's very face came flying, and on the green sward lighted. At once the mighty hero knows his mother's birds

190. "*forte*: denotes the coincidence."—*Conington*.

and prays with joy: "O if there be a way be ye my guides, and through the air direct your flight into the grove, where the rich bough o'ershades the teeming ground; and, O my goddess-mother, fail not thou my doubtful fortunes now." So spake he, and his footsteps checked to mark what signs they give and to what point they turn their flight. They, while they feed, fly forward just so far as with their sight the eyes of those who follow could discern them. Then when they reached the jaws of noisome Avernus they rise swiftly, and gliding through the liquid air, select their perch, and settle side by side upon the tree, from which among the boughs the sheen of gold gleamed out of different hue. And as in winter's frost among the groves the mistletoe, sown by no parent tree, with fresh leaves burgeons, and with yellow growth girdles the rounded trunks, so seemed the gold which on the dark holm bloomed, and so its thin leaves rustled in the gentle breeze. At once Æneas grasps and eagerly breaks off the coyly-yielding bough, and bears it to the cave of the prophetic Sibyl. And none the less, meanwhile, upon the shore the Teucrians o'er Misenus wailed, and paid the final rites to his cold clay. And first they rear a pyre unctuous with logs of pine and huge with beams of oak, and twine its sides with boughs of sombre hue, and place funereal cypresses in front of it, and deck the top with glittering arms. Some heated water bring and caldrons seething over fire, and lave and oil the body of the dead. Their wailing rises. Then upon a bier they place the limbs which they have wept over, and on them cast the purple robes, his well-known garments. Others the huge

bier raise, an office sad, and with averted face, their fathers' wont, apply and hold the torch. Heaped up and burnt are gifts of frankincense, and cates, and bowls of streaming oil. When the ashes sank and the flame abated, they drenched the relics and thirsty embers with wine, and Corynæus took up the bones and placed them in an urn of brass. He also thrice took round to his comrades fair water, sprinkling them with dewy spray from a bough of fruitful olive, and purified the heroes, and spake the last farewell. But good Æneas rears a barrow of enormous size, and on it puts the hero's arms, his trumpet and his oar, 'neath the aerial height which now from him is called Misenus, and from age to age preserves his name for ever. When this was done he hastens to perform the Sibyl's hests. There was an antre deep, with huge, vast mouth, rocky, and guarded by a sable mere and darksome groves, and over it no birds might wing their way unscathed, so strong a fume pouring from its black jaws rose to the vault of heaven: [whence the Greeks call the place Avernus]. Here first the priestess sets four black-backed beeves, and on their brows pours wine, and plucks the topmost hairs between their horns, and throws them as first offerings on the consecrated fires, calling aloud on Hecate, potent alike in Heaven and in Hell. Others apply the (sacrificial) knives, and catch the reeking blood in bowls. Æneas himself slays with his sword a lamb of sable fleece, to the mother of the Eumenides and her mighty sister, and a barren cow to thee, Proserpina. Then to the king of Hell he altars builds by night, and places whole above the flames the viscera of bulls, pouring rich oil upon

the burning entrails. And lo, at the first dawn of sun-light 'gan the earth to make a hollow moan beneath his feet, and the wood-crowned heights to shake, and dogs were heard to howl through the darkness, as the goddess drew nigh. "Away, away," the Sibyl cries, "all ye that are unsanctified, and depart from all the grove; win thou thy way, and from its scabbard draw thy sword: need hast thou now of courage and a steadfast heart, Æneas." So speaking, she in frenzy flung herself into the open cave; he, with no faltering footsteps, side by side keeps pace with his advancing guide.

Ye gods, whose sway is o'er the dead, ye voiceless ghosts, and Chaos thou, and Phlegethon, and ye broad tracts which silent lie in night, let it be right for me to speak what I have heard, let me by your consent unfold things hidden in the depths of earth and gloom.

Darkling they sped in solitary night through shade, and through the mansions void and vacant realms of Dis: as by the fitful moon, in light malign, men track their way in woods what time Jove shrouds the sky in shade, and sable night steals from all things their hue. Just before the entrance hall, and on the threshold of Orcus, Grief and Remorse have made their lairs, and pale Disease dwells there, and gloomy Eld; and Fear and Hunger evil counselling, and grim Want, shapes terrible to view, and Death and Trouble: Sleep, too, Death's brother, and the soul's bad Joys, and deadly War were in the gate before them, and the iron chambers of the Furies, and Discord mad, her viper tresses wreathed with gory snood.

In the centre an elm-tree, huge and umbrageous,

spreads its boughs and aged arms, the haunt, men say, which idle dreams frequent and lurk 'neath every leaf. And many monsters, too, of various shapes stall in the threshold; Centaurs, and Scyllas of two bodies formed, and hundred-headed Briareus, and Lerna's monster hissing horribly; and the Chimæra armed with fire, Gorgons and Harpies, and a phantom form of triple shape. Here, in the eagerness of sudden fear, Æneas grasps his sword, and turns its naked point against the approaching (spectres), and if his wise guide did not 'monish him that these were thin and incorporeal ghosts flitting in shapes of unreal imagery (293), he would rush in and vainly cleave the phantoms with his sword.

From this point (lies) the road which leads to the waters of Tartarean Acheron; here, eddying in vasty gulfs of mud its whirlpools seethe, and belch into Cocytus all their sands. Grim is the ferryman who guards the waters of these streams, and horrible his squalor, (Charon his name is), and a thick white beard falls from his chin unkempt; his eyes are solid fire; and from his shoulder by a knot there hangs a garment foul. He guides his boat himself with a pole, and works it with a sail, and carries in his dusky barge the dead; an aged god in sooth, but hale and green was his old age. And to the bank here all the crowd kept flocking, mothers and husbands, and the lifeless forms of gallant heroes, boys and unwedded maids, and youths who had been placed upon the pyre before their parents' faces: in number as the leaves which in the woods at the first chill of autumn drop

3. *cava sub imagine formæ*; lit. 'under the hollow (unreal, solid) appearance of (substantial) shape.'

and fall, or as the birds which throng to land from the deep sea, when the cold season drives them o'er the main, and sends them to the sunny shore. Praying they stood to be the first to cross, and stretched out their hands in yearning for the opposite side: but the grim sailor takes now these, now those; while others he pushes far away and keeps back from the shore: Æneas—for he marvelled at, and was moved by the tumult—says, "Tell me, O maid, what means this rush toward the river? What do the spirits seek, or by what difference do some retire from the bank, while others sweep with oars the turbid stream?" To him thus briefly speaks the priestess old: "Son of Anchises, child assured of heaven, Cocytus' deep gulfs seest thou, and the marsh of Styx, whose power to swear by and deceive the gods durst not. All this crowd which thou beholdest are the poor and unburied: that ferryman is Charon: these whom the stream bears are the buried: but none may he convey across the roaring flood and dreadful shores ere their bones rest in their (last) homes. A hundred years they wander and hover round these shores, then, at length, they are admitted, and cross the wished-for stream." The son of Anchises stood, and stayed his steps, musing much, and pitying in his soul their hapless lot. There sad and reft of exequies he sees Leucaspis, and the leader of the Lycian fleet, Orontes, whom as they sailed together o'er the stormy seas from Troy, the south wind whelmed beneath the wave, submerging ships and men.

And lo! the pilot Palinurus came, who lately in the voyage from Libya, while he watched the stars,

had from the poop fallen headlong in mid ocean. And when in the deep shade at length he knows his sorrowing (friend), the king thus speaks: "What god, O Palinurus, snatched thee away from us, and drowned thee in mid ocean? Speak, prithee: for Apollo, ne'er found false to me before, in this one answer hath deceived my soul: for he declared that thou wouldst be unharmed upon the deep, and reach the Ausonian strand. Lo, then, is this a promise kept?" But he (replied): "The tripod of Apollo deceived thee not, O chieftain, son of Anchises; and no god drowned me in the deep. For by an accident I tore away with much violence, and falling headlong carried with me the rudder, to which as its appointed guardian I was clinging, and (by it) was steering our course. By the rough seas I swear that no such fear I felt then for myself, as lest thy ship, bereft of rudder, should founder in the mighty waves which rose. Three stormy nights across the boundless deep the raging south wind bore me o'er the wave: scarce on the fourth day high up-borne I viewed Italia from a billow's crest. Slowly I swam ashore, and was just gaining safety, when (358) weighed down as I was with garment dank, and clutching with bent hands the cliff's high summit, a cruel race assailed me with the sword, and deemed me in their ignorance a prize. Now the waves hold me, and the winds toss me about upon the shore. So, by the cheerful light and air of heaven, and by thy sire, and by the hopes thou hast in young Iulus, I do beseech

358. Lit. 'had not a cruel race,' &c. "*Tenebam ni invasissent* is perhaps best explained as a condensed formula, 'I was just in safety and should have continued,' &c."—*Conington*.

thee save me, O man unconquered, from these woes ; or for the port of Velia sail, and cast, for that is in thy power, some earth upon me ; or if a way there be, if thy goddess-mother shew thee one—for not, I ween, without the aid of Heaven, thou art preparing to sail upon the awful stream and pool of Styx,—give thy right hand to my unhappy self, and bear me with thee o'er the wave, that in a quiet resting-place at least I may repose in death.” Thus had he said, when thus the prophetess began : “ Whence comes this monstrous longing o'er thee, Palinurus ? Wilt thou unburied gaze upon the waters of Styx, and the awful river of the Eumenides, and approach the bank unbidden ; cease to expect that Heaven's decrees are changed by prayer. But hear and remember these words, the solace of thine hapless lot ; for the neighbouring nations, vexed far and wide throughout their cities by the portents of heaven, shall appease thy spirit (379) and raise a tomb, and to the tomb convey due offerings, and the spot shall preserve the name of Palinurus for ever.” By these words his cares were banished, and sorrow driven for a while from his sad heart. He exults in a land named after him.

So they go through with the journey they had begun, and draw near to the river ; and when e'en from it, from the Stygian wave, the ferryman saw them move through the silent grove, and turn their footsteps towards the bank, he hails them first, and more, he chides them too : “ Whoe'er thou art who

379. *ossa piabunt* : “ here *ossa* = *manes* and *piare* nearly = *placare*.”—Conington.

comest armed unto our stream, say prithee e'en from that spot wherefore thou comest, and stay thy steps. This is the realm of shadows, of sleep and slumberous night ; it is not meet to carry in the bark of Styx the quick ; and troth I was not glad that I took Alcides on these waters when he came, or Theseus and Pirithous, sons of gods, although they were unsurpassed in strength : he caught and chained by force the warder-dog of Tartarus from the throne of our king himself, and dragged him trembling away : they tried to wile our queen (397) from the nuptial chamber of Dis." But to this the Amphrysian prophetess said briefly : "No plots of that kind are there here : cease to excite yourself, these arms no violence intend : your monstrous warder barking in his den, may fright the bloodless ghosts, and Proserpine may chastely tend her uncle's house : Æneas of Troy, famed for his goodness and his feats of arms, is going down to the nethermost shades of Erebus to his father. If the sight of so much goodness move thee not at all, yet mark this bough," and she the bough displays which lay beneath her robe. His swelling heart grows mild then after wrath. She said no more. He looks in admiration at the awe-inspiring gift of the branch of destiny, seen after such long interval, and turns his dusky bark towards the shore : then he thrusts out the rest, the spirits who were sitting on the long benches, and takes on board the great Æneas. The patched boat creaked beneath the weight, and leaking took much water in ; at length, in safety o'er the stream, the sibyl and the soldier he puts out on uncouth mud and paly sedge.

397. *dominam* : or, 'its mistress.'

These realms huge Cerberus makes ring with howling from his triple throat, sprawling gigantic in the cave before them, and when the sibyl saw his necks'gin bristle with their snakes, she cast to him a soporific cake of honey and drugged wheat. He, opening wide his three throats in fierce hunger, seizes on the cake thrown to him, and relaxes his vast bulk outstretched upon the ground, and lies extended huge along the cave. Æneas the entrance gains, its keeper quelled in sleep, and swiftly clears that river's bank o'er which no traveller returns.

Forthwith are heard the cries and loud wail of the souls of infants weeping on the threshold, whom, robbed of sweet life and from the bosom torn, dark fate hath snatched away and overwhelmed in bitter death; and hard by these are they who, on false charge, were doomed to die. Yet not assigned are these abodes sans lot, sans judge. Minos presides, and shakes the urn; he summons the assemblage of the dead, and hears their lives, and the charges brought against them. The regions next in order are possessed by gloomy wretches, who with their own hand wrought death upon themselves, though guiltless; and loathing daylight, flung away their lives. How gladly would they now in upper air endure both penury and toil severe! Justice forbids, and an unlovely pool with gloomy waves confines them, and the Styx nine times interfluent doth hem them in. And not far hence, spread out on every side, are seen the fields of mourning. Here, whom fierce love with fell infection wasted, dark alleys hide and myrtle groves conceal; even in death their sorrows leave them not. Phædra and Procris in these realms he sees, and Eriphyle sad, the wounds

dealt by her ruthless son displaying ; Evadne, too, (he sees,) and Pasiphaë ; with them Laodamia walks and Cæneus, man erewhile, now maid, by fate brought back again to her old shape. And in a wide grove wandering among these was the Phenician Dido, fresh from her wound ; and when the Trojan hero stood beside her, and knew her dim descried athwart the shadows, as one who sees, or thinks he sees, through clouds the moon in rathe month rising, he shed tears, and with fond love addressed her : “ Hapless queen, true came the herald to me then, that thou hadst died, and sought destruction with the sword ? Of death, O woe, was I the cause to thee ? By heaven I swear, by the high gods, and all that’s holy in the depths of earth, unwillingly, O queen, I parted from thy shore. But Heaven’s ’hests, which force me now to roam here through the shades, through realms uncouth with mould and night profound, compelled me by their bidding ; nor could I deem that by my leaving, I was bringing such grief as this to thee. Stay thy steps ! draw not thyself away from my regard ! Whom art thou flying from ? By fate’s decree, these are my last words to thee.” With such speech Æneas strove to soothe her fierce and scowling spirit, and poured forth tears. She, with averted gaze, held fixed on earth her eyes, and in her face is not more moved by his attempted speech than stood she there, flint adamantine, or Marpessian stone. At length she tore herself away, and sullen fled into a shady grove, where her first mate Sychæus, to her woes responsive turns, and equals all her love. Yet none the less moved by her doleful fate, Æneas follows her with tears full far, and mourns her as she flies.

Then he continues his appointed way. Anon they

gain the border regions, set apart for men renowned in war. Here Tydeus meets him, here Parthenopaus famed in arms, and the phantom of pale Adrastus; here, too, the Dardan heroes, fallen in fight and much bewailed for to the gods above: he groaned beholding them in long array, Glaucus and Medon, and Thersilochus, and the three sons of Antenor, and Polyphœtes, Ceres' votary, and Idæus guarding still the chariot and the armour (of his king). The spirits throng around him right and left. To look upon him once is not enough, it pleasures them to linger evermore, and to walk beside him, and to learn the causes of his coming. But the lords of the Danaans, and the phalanxes of Agamemnon, when they descried the hero and his armour flashing through the gloom, 'gan tremble with deep fear; part turn their backs as erst they sought their ships; part raise their feeble voices; the attempted war-cry mocks their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he saw mangled in every limb; face mercilessly maimed, face and both hands, his temples robbed of ears lopt off, his nostrils sliced away by ghastliest wound; scarcely indeed, he knows him cowering there, and striving to conceal his dreadful punishment; and speaking first, in well-known accents greets him: "Deiphobus, puissant in the fight, scion of Teucer's lofty lineage, who had the will to wreak such savage vengeance? who the power to do so much to thee? Fame brought me tidings that on our last night, spent with wide carnage on Pelasgians wrought, thou sankest on a heap of mingled slain. On the Rhœtean shore I then set up a cenotaph, and thrice with loud voice called

upon thy manes. Thy name and armour mark the spot: thee, friend, I could not find, and in the land of thy sires lay thee when I left it." To this the son of Priam: "Nought was left undone by thee, O friend; thou to Deiphobus hast paid all dues, and to the spirit of his corpse; but my own doom, and the Laconian woman's deadly act, o'erwhelmed me in their ills; she these memorials bequeathed. For how in joys delusive that last night we spent, thou knowest, and must too well remember, when with a bound the fatal horse came upon lofty Pergamus, and bore armed warriors in its teeming womb, she feigned a dance, and led the Phrygian dames, hymning wild revels round the city; she herself held in the midst of them a mighty torch, and from our topmost citadel called in the Danaans. At that time I, foredone with labours and weighed down by sleep, lay in my fatal chamber; and as I lay, slumber oppressed me sweet and deep, and likest tranquil death. Meanwhile my noble wife removes all weapons from the house, and from beneath my head had ta'en my trusty falchion: into the house she summons Menelaus, and flings wide the doors, hoping, forsooth, that this would prove a grand gift for her lover, and that the shame of her old sin might so be blotted out. Why linger o'er my tale? they rush into my chamber, with them the adviser of the foul deed comes, Ulysses, their accomplice. O ye gods, do so unto the Greeks, if with a sinless mouth I ask your vengeance. But come, say in thy turn, what chance hath brought thee here while yet alive? Forced wert thou by the moving accidents of sea, or by the 'hest of Heaven? or what fate else

drives thee to seek these sunless grim abodes, these realms of gloom?" In this exchange of colloquy, the Day had in her roseate chariot o'erpassed the mid point now in her aerial course, and haply had they spent in such converse all the allotted time, but his guide, the Sibyl, warned them, and briefly spake: "Night comes apace, Æneas; we with tears are lingering out the hours. This is the spot where our path cleaves itself in twain; by this, which on the right leads to the city of great Dis, our road lies to Elysium; that on the left brings vengeance on the wicked, and conducts to evil Tartarus." Deiphobus in answer: "Be not wrath, great priestess, I will go; I will fill up my place, and to the shades return (545). Pride of our race, go on, go on, enjoy thy happier lot." He spake, and at the word his footsteps turned.

Æneas looks back suddenly, and sees beneath the rock upon his left a city wide, girdled with triple wall, and round it runs a rapid stream of seething fire, Tartarean Phlegethon, whirling roaring rocks. In front a portal huge, its pillars (wrought) of solid adamant, so that no power of man, nor heaven's denizens themselves in arms avail to raze it up; an iron tower looms high into the gloom, and girt with gory robe Tisiphone sits there, and sleepless guards the threshold day and night. Groans are heard coming from it, and the sound of dreadful blows; the clank of steel, too, and chains dragged about. Æneas stopped, and lingered frightened by the din. "Say, maid," (he cried,) "what shapes of sin are here? or by what

545. *explebo numerum*: or, 'I will complete the number (of the shades);' but the meaning of this obscure phrase is doubtful.

punishment amerced? what wail is this which rises to the sky?" Then thus the prophetess began to speak: "Famed leader of the Teucrians, no pure foot may tread the accursed threshold; but Hecate when she set me o'er Avernus' groves, taught me the punishments of Heaven, and through them all conducted me. The Gnosian Rhadamanthus rules these savage realms, hears and chastises crime, and forces each to own the sins which, done above, he, trusting to vain fraud, hath late deferred the expiation of till death. Tisiphone, the avenger, armed with scourge, darts forth and mauls the guilty, wielding fierce snakes in her left hand, and calling on her direful band of sisters. Then on their jarring hinges grating harsh the accursed doors at length fly open. Seest thou who warder in the entrance sits? what shape the threshold guards? With fifty monstrous baleful throats agape, the still more dreadful Hydra has her place within. Then hell itself yawns steep-down, stretching twice as far away beneath the gloom as the sky's upward slope to lofty heaven. Here earth's primeval brood, her Titan sons, writhe in the nether depths by thunder quelled. Here, too, the sons of Aloeus I saw, two giant forms, who strove to overthrow great heaven by force, and hurl down Jupiter from the realms above. I saw Salmoneus, too, dread expiation paying, while he aped Jove's lightning and the thunder of Olympus. Drawn by four steeds, and brandishing a torch, he rode in triumph through the tribes of Greece, and the city in mid Elis, and claimed for himself the honours of the gods; fool that he was, to counterfeit the storms and the unimitable thunderbolt with brass and trampling of

horn-footed steeds ; but the almighty king through thick clouds launched his bolt, no torches he or brands of smoke and fire, and hurled him (to the shades) with whirlwind wild. There, too, I Tityos might descry, the son of Earth, our all-bearing mother ; his bulk extends o'er nine full acres, and a savage vulture with crooked beak rends his undying liver and bowels, teeming with penal pains, and digs for food, and dwells below his mighty breast, and to his entrails as they grow again no rest is given. Why of Ixion and Pirithous tell, the Lapithæ, o'er whom a black rock hangs evermore just about to slip, and like to one that's falling ; high banquet-couches gleam with legs of gold, and dainties are set out before their face with regal luxury ; the eldest of the Furies lies beside them, and hinders them to touch the tables with their hands, and rises brandishing her torch with voice of thunder. Here are the men, who, while this life remained, hated a brother, struck a son, or wove a web of fraud around a client ; and they who brood in solitude o'er treasure trove, and (great is their number) give no share thereof to kith or kin ; they, too, who for adultery were slain, and they who waged an impious war, nor feared to break the pledges of their fealty to their lords, caged they await their doom. Seek not to know what doom, or (the) complexion of the fate which has these men engulfed. Some roll huge rocks, others hang stretched upon the spokes of wheels : there hapless Theseus sits and aye will sit ; and Phlegyas, most miserable wight, warns all and cries with loud voice through the shades : " Be warned ! learn to do good and not to slight the gods. This man

for lucre sold his native land, and set a mighty master over it, and put up laws and took them down for bribes ; that in forbidden union touched a daughter's couch ; all dared some monstrous sin, and gained the end they dared. Had I a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, a voice of steel, I could not number every form of sin, or every form of punishment unfold."

When that Apollo's aged votaress had said these words, "Come, now," she cries, "proceed, and end the task thou hast essayed ; let us be quick, I see the palace reared by the forges of the Cyclops, and in the arch in front of us the gate, where the rules bid us lay this offering down." She spake, and moving onward side by side through the o'er-darkened ways, they swiftly cross the intervening space, and near the gate. Æneas gains the entrance, and sprinkles his body with fresh water, and places the bough in the threshold before him.

This done at last, and to the goddess paid her offering, they came to realms of joy and pleasant lawns in blissful forests set, the dwellings of the blest. The air is ampler here and clothes the fields with dazzling radiance, and a sun they have, and stars, too, all their own. Part nerve their limbs in grassy training-grounds, combat in sport, and wrestle on yellow sand ; part tread a measure with their feet and carol songs. The inspired bard of Thrace, too, clad in flowing robe, sounds to their strains the seven different notes, and with fingers strikes them anon with ivory quill. Here Teucer's primal stock appear, a comely race, stout-hearted heroes, born in happier years, Ilus, Assaracus and Dardanus, the founder he

of Troy. Æneas from afar with wonder views the arms and shadowy chariots of the heroes. Their spears stand fixed in earth, and all around their unyoked steeds are feeding o'er the plain. The same delight and labour which alive they took in arms, and chariots, and in feeding their sleek steeds, attends them e'en beneath the earth. Lo others he beholds to right and left, feasting along the greensward, and in bands chanting a joyous pæan in a grove of odorous bay, whence to the world above through forests roll the mighty waters of Eridanus. Here are the men who suffered wounds in fight for fatherland, and they who while life lasted were pure priests, and they who were holy poets and who uttered strains worthy of Phœbus, or who softened life by arts invented, and by their services made other men remember them. All these have their brows bound with snow-white snoods, and as they stood around, the Sibyl thus addressed them, and chief before the rest Musæus, for a vast crowd kept him in their midst and gazed upon him, as with shoulders tall he towered above them. "Say, happy spirits, say, illustrious bard, what realm, what place Anchises holds? for his sake are we here, and have o'erpast the mighty stream of Erebus." And the hero thus to her brief answer made: "To none of us a fixed abode is given; we dwell in shady groves, and couch on river-banks, and roam o'er meadows watered by fresh streams: but if the wishes of your hearts so tend, mount ye this knoll, and soon I'll place you on an easy path." He spake, and turned his steps in front of them, and shewed the shining fields below, and then they leave the summit of the ridge.

But King Anchises deep in a green vale was scanning with attention, pondering the pent-up spirits destined to proceed to the upper air, and as it chanced was conning the sum of all his sons and dear descendants, their fates and fortunes, characters and deeds. And when he saw Æneas striding towards him o'er the grass, eagerly he stretched out both his hands, and tears flowed down his cheeks, and from his lips a cry went forth: "Hast thou, then, come at last, and has thy love matched the tremendous path as thy sire thought? Is it given me to see thy face, my son, and to hear and utter well-known accents? So would it be I felt within my mind, and thought while counting up the days, nor have my thoughts misled me. Borne through what lands and through what mighty seas, I welcome thee; and by what perils buffeted, my son! How feared I lest that the realms of Libya would harm thee!" But he in answer: "O my sire, thy shade, aye, thine in sorrow oft confronting me, forced me to make my way to these abodes: my fleet is moored on the Tyrrhenian main. Let me, O let me clasp thy hand, my father, nor draw thyself away from my embrace." So speaking, he the while bedewed his cheeks with copious tears. Thrice did he strive to throw his arms there round its neck, thrice did the phantom grasped in vain elude his touch, like air imponderable and a fleeting dream.

Meantime, in a secluded vale Æneas sees a secret grove, and rustling forest brakes, and Lethe's stream flowing past quiet bowers. About it nations numberless, and tribes were hovering; even as the bees, when in bright summer o'er the fields they light on

flowers of mingled hue, and swarm around fair lilies ; all the plain resounds with murmurous hum. Æneas started at the sudden sight, and asked, not knowing what it was, the cause ; and what the river was, and who the men who in such concourse thronged the banks. His sire Anchises (said), "The souls to whom a second life by destiny is due, are drinking at the wave of Lethe's stream care-quenching draughts of long forgetfulness. To tell of these to thee, and shew them in thy presence, to count the muster-roll of these my sons I long have wished, that thou, too, mayst the more rejoice with me in Italy attained." "O father, must we think that any spirits go upwards hence to the air, and pass again into dull corporal frames ? and can the wretched feel so dire a lust for life ?" "Son, I will speak, and in suspense not hold thee," answered Anchises, and in order he each circumstance unfolds.

"First, then, a Soul within them quickens heaven and earth, the watery kingdom, and the moon's bright orb, and Titan's stelled fires, and a Mind spread through each member thrills the universal frame, and blends itself with the mighty mass. Hence men and beasts and birds derive their life, and the strange creatures which the Ocean bears beneath its glassy floor. Heaven is the birth-place of these essences, and theirs a pith of fire, so far as 'tis not clogged by thews of clay, and limbs compact of death. So fear is theirs, and hope and sorrow and joy, and in their dark and gloomy prison pent their vision pierces not its (native) skies. Nay, when life leaves them with its latest ray, still every blemish, every fleshly ill goes not forth from them

wholly, and needs must be that much which hath long waxed with them should grow engrafted into them in wonderous ways. Therefore, by pains they are chastened, and they pay the penalties of ancient faults; some are suspended to the viewless winds, from others the infection of their sin is washed away beneath the vasty gulf, or thoroughly purged with fire. Each suffers as a spirit his own doom; and then through broad Elysium are we sent, and some,—a few—rest in the realms of bliss, until the cycle of their years is full, and length of time hath quite removed the engrained taint, and left without a stain the ætherial sense, the flame of simple air. Then when a thousand rolling years are past, all are in dense array by heaven summoned to Lethe's stream, that (of the past) forgetful they once more may look upon the vaulted upper air, and may once more 'gin long into their bodies to return."


Anchises ended speech, and draws his son together with the sibyl into the centre of the clamorous throng, and gains a rising mound whence might he scan before him all the crowd in long array, and read the lineaments of those who came.

"And now," (he said,) "attend; what glory henceforth tracks the Dardan race, what sons await thee of Italian stock, illustrious spirits who will take our name, I will in words disclose, and tell to thee thy destiny.

"That youth who leans, thou seest, on the pointless spear, gains next by lot the precincts of the day, and is the first to rise to the upper air from our mixture with the blood of Italy, Silvius, an Alban name, thy latest child, whom thy wife, Lavinia, will in a forest

bear to thee when thou art old, a king and father of a line of kings, and from him our race shall hold sway in Alba Longa. The next is Procas there, pride of the Trojan race, and Capys and Numitor, and he who shall recall thee by his name, Æneas Silvius, eminent alike by virtue and by valour, should he e'er obtain the sovrantry of Alba. What heroes! See what vigour they display, and bear their brows with civic oak-crowns shaded. These shall Nomentum build (for thee), and Gabii, and the city of Fidena, and these shall set upon the hills Collatia's towers, Pometii and Castrum Inui, and Bola and Cora; such, then, shall be their names, but now these lands are nameless. The son of Mars, too, shall his grandsire join, he Romulus, whom Ilia shall bring forth, scion of Assaracus' blood. See'st thou the double plume upon his crest, with his own badge his sire e'en now marks out his offspring for the realms above. Behold, my son, by this man's auspices, famed Rome shall make her sway co-equal with the earth, and her valour with the sky, and singly girdle with a wall seven hills, blest in her hero sons; not otherwise rides in her car the Berecynthian queen, brow-turreted through Phrygia's cities, proud of her progeny divine, and folds in her embrace her hundred sons, all denizens of Heaven, and dwelling all in the high realms above. Turn thy twin eyes now hither and behold this people, and thy Romans. Here Cæsar stands, and all Iulus' sons, ready to start for the great cope of heaven. Here, here is he, the hero whom full oft thou hast heard as promised to thee, Augustus Cæsar, child of heaven, who shall again build up the golden age in Latium,

over realms once ruled by Saturn ; he shall spread his sway beyond the Garamantians and the Indians, and beyond the land which lies far from the march of star, or year, or sun, where heaven-bearing Atlas turns the sky studded with glistening stars upon his shoulder. For this man's coming even now the realms about the Caspian and the Mæotic land are shuddering at the oracles of Heaven, and seven-mouthed Nile is trembling and perturbed. Nor did Alcides' self, in truth, explore such tracts of land, pierce though he might the brazen-footed stag, and render safe the groves of Erymanth, and make all Lerna tremble with his bow ; nor he who guides his car with reins of vine, victorious Bacchus, down Nysa's lofty steep his tigers steering. And doubt we still by valour to extend our power, and in Ausonian land to rest does fear forbid us ? But who there in the distance, decked with olive-boughs, carries the implements of sacrifice ? I recognise the hoary locks and beard of him, Rome's monarch, who shall first with laws stablish her state, from humble Cures and a needy land to wide dominion missioned. Him Tullus will succeed, and he will break his country's peacefulness, and hurry to the field its quiet sons, and bands disused to triumphs. Him will vain Ancus follow close, e'en now courting o'ermuch the people's favouring breath. Wilt see the Tarquin kings, too, and the proud spirit of Brutus the avenger, and the fasces which he recovered ? He first shall bear the dreadful axes and a consul's power, and when his sons set war again afoot, shall hale them, though their father, to their doom for glorious liberty. O ill-starred wight ! But in what way soever



men shall take such deeds, his love of country will prevail, his boundless thirst for glory. Behold the Decii and the Drusi, too, afar, and Torquatus with his pitiless axe, and Camillus recovering our standards. But those twin spirits, whom thou seest ablaze in equal arms, are now, and while might hides them, full of mutual love; alas, if they attain the light of day, what wars with one another will they wage, what murderous strife! From Alpine ramparts and Monœcus' towers the sire-in-law down swooping, and the son arrayed against him with his orient hosts. Put not such strife as this, my sons, into your souls, nor turn against your mother-country's womb her native pith and strength. And O, be thou the first, descendant mine, who from Olympus drawest thy descent, to fling away the weapons from thy hand. He there shall drive, in triumph over Corinth, his chariot to the lofty Capitol, a victor by Achæan carnage famed. He there shall Argos overthrow, and Agamemnon's city of Mycenæ, aye, and the Æacid himself, descendant of omnipotent Achilles, avenging he his Trojan forefathers, and the polluted temple of Minerva. Who may in silence pass thee over Cossus, or thee, great Cato? Or the house of Gracchus, the Scipios twain, two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Libya, and Fabricius, rich in his poverty, and Serranus sowing in the furrow? Whither away with me, ye Fabii, I am tired? Thou art that Maximus who dost singly save our fortunes by delay. Others shall smother mould the brass which breathes, I well believe, and carve the lines which live from marble; better plead, and better mark the courses of the sky with rods, and name

the constellations as they rise ; but Romans, heed me, these shall be your arts, to rule the nations with imperial sway, to lay upon them the fixed law of peace, to spare the vanquished, and war down the proud."

So spake Anchises, and while they marvel, adds : "See how Marcellus, graced with royal spoils, advances, and victorious towers above the heroes all ! He, when dire border warfare shakes it, shall make firm the Roman state, and trample with his steeds the Carthaginians and restless Gauls ; and, for the third time, to Quirinus hang a monarch's 'captured arms.'" And here Æneas, for with him he saw a young man pacing, glorious in form, and glittering armour bright, but joyless was his mien, and his regard dejected : "Who, sire, is he, who thus attends the hero as he goes ? his son, or some one sprung from his great stock ? How loud the hum of those who throng around him ! How grand a port is his ! but round his brow dark night is hovering with gloomy shade." Then spake his sire, Anchises, while the tears burst forth : "My son, seek not to know thy people's depth of grief ; the fates will only shew him to this earth, nor further let him live. All too puissant seemed the sons of Rome to you, ye upper powers, had it been theirs to call such gifts their own. What moaning of the people shall that field of Mars, hard-by the mighty capital re-echo ; or what great exequies thou wilt see, O Tiber, what time thou glidest past the new-raised tomb. No son of Ilium shall raise so high with hope his Latin forefathers, and the land of Rome shall ne'er exult so much in any of her sons. O pious heart ! O faith.

of ancient strain ! O hand invincible in war ! None scathless had confronted him in arms, whether on foot he charged against the foe, or tore with spurs his foam-flecked charger's flanks. O hapless youth, if thou mayst overcome the cruel fates, thou wilt be our Marcellus. With lavish hand bring lilies, let me fling the purple flowers, and with these gifts, at least, honour the shade of my descendant, and perform the unavailing rite." In this way over all the realm they rove at large in the broad fields of air, and all things note. And when Anchises had led his son through every part, and fired his soul with thoughts of coming glory, he then disclosed to the hero the wars next to be waged, and told him about the nations of Laurentum, and the city of Latinus, and how he might shun or face each peril.

Sleep hath two portals ; one of them, 'tis said, of horn, whereby is easy exit given to real spirits ; the other, built of gleaming ivory, but through it to the upper air the spirits send delusive dreams. Here, then, Anchises plies with such discourse the Sibyl and his son, and sends them forth by the ivory gate. Æneas wends his way towards his fleet, and to his friends returns. Then to Caieta's port he steers along the shore : cast is the anchor from the prow, and on the strand the vessels ride.

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XVI.

FREE GOVERNMENT.—ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.—TYRANNY.—
DESPOTISM.—ANARCHY.

A FREE government is not a government in which liberty prevails, or in which there is an absence of inconvenient restraints and oppression on the part of the sovereign power; but a government in which there is a plurality of rulers, and fixed laws respected by the administrative authority.* A free government is thus opposed to an arbitrary or despotic government, such as the Roman, French, or Austrian empires. In this sense, Hume¹ opposes free states to absolute monarchies, and Rousseau speaks of 'the difference between *free* and *monarchical* states';² *i.e.* between states where the sovereignty belongs

¹ 'The provinces of absolute monarchies are always better treated than those of free states.' Part i. Essay 3.

² *Contrat Social*, liv. iii. ch. 8. According to Sir James Mackintosh, 'as general security is enjoyed in very different degrees under different governments, those which guard it most perfectly, are by way of eminence called *free*. Such governments attain most completely the end which is common to all governments. A free constitution of government, and a good constitution of government, are therefore different expressions for the same idea.' *On the Law of Nature and Nations*, p. 60. However, one who thought with Hobbes that absolute monarchy is the best form of government, would probably not call *that* a free constitution. On the difference between free and despotic governments, see likewise Bentham's *Fragment on Government*, p. 113.*

* *Fixed laws respected by the administrative authority.* This condition is not recognised by Austin. Sir James FitzJames Stephen (*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, p. 171), goes so far as to declare that 'democracy has, as such, no definite or assignable relation to liberty;' but this can hardly be admitted, for the reason given by Mr. James Mill in the passage quoted above (p. 100), which is almost conclusive for this purpose, though justly criticised by Sir G.

C. Lewis on other grounds. An absolute despot will naturally put down whatever displeases him; a more numerous body are pretty sure to present variety in their likes and dislikes, so that the practices which they will agree to suppress or enforce, will, *ceteris paribus*, be comparatively few. It is true on the other side that the despot may be indifferent to practices very hateful to the majority, but which do not touch him personally.—W.

* And Austin's 6th Lecture (*Student's Austin*, p. 112). He says: 'They who distin-

Grammatical.

65

4. Write out in full :—

Imper. mood of <i>fero</i> .	Imper. mood of εἶμι.
Imperf. subj. of <i>patior</i> .	Pres. opt. pass. of σιγάω.
Perf. indic. of <i>absum</i> .	1st aor. imper. mid. of σημαίνω.
Fut. perf. of <i>proficiscor</i> .	Fut. ind. act. of μένω.
Pres. subj. of <i>dignor</i> .	Paulo-post fut. of λέγω.

5. Give instances in both Greek and Latin of *Demonstrative, Interrogative, Possessive, and Reflexive* Pronouns; and give the meaning of *quidam, quisquam, quisquis, quisque, quis*; and of πόσος, πόλις, πότερος, τόσος, οἶος, ὅσος, ὅστις.

6. Illustrate by examples the cases governed by *dono, gaudeo, credo, doceo, obliviscor*,—τυγχάνω, ἔπομαι, ποιεῖν, ἀκούω, ἔχω.

7. What is meant by *ablative absolute, apposition, attraction, contraction, cognate accusative*?

8. Illustrate by examples the meaning of, and cases governed by, *ante, circa, ab, super, prae*,—ἐπί, ἀντί, μετά, ἀπό, πρὸς.

9. Distinguish—

<i>si velit, si vellet.</i>	ὁ αὐτὸς ἀνὴρ, αὐτὸς ὁ ἀνὴρ..
<i>ejus caput, suum caput.</i>	ἄλλα, ἄλλε'.
<i>metuit te, metuit tibi.</i>	ἦ, ἦ, ἦ ἦ.
<i>nobis interest, nostrā interest.</i>	ἔστησε, ἔστηκε.
<i>amatum iri, amandum esse.</i>	ἵνα βλέψῃς, ἵνα βλέψῃς.

10. Translate into Latin :—

- He said he would come whenever he was wanted
- He said, I will come whenever I am wanted.
- He sold the house for as much as he expected.
- He exhorted his soldiers not to lose the opportunity of freeing their country.
- The first Consuls were elected at Rome in the two hundred and forty-fifth year after the building of the city.

14

Examination Papers

4. 'The principal cause of phonetic degeneracy in language is when people shrink from the effort of articulating each consonant and vowel.'

Are there any phenomena of phonetic change which cannot be fully explained in this way?

5. Apply the principles of comparative philology to an examination of the following words:—*ἄρκτος, βάρος, γίγνομαι, δαήρ, δέσποινα, εἰμί, ἥλιος, ἡπαρ, ἵππος, μοῖρα, ὀστέον, πίπτω, ποῖος, ὕβρις, ὕπνος.*

6. Trace the decay of the Latin diphthongs.

7. Explain the various ways in which the perfect tense is formed in Latin. Illustrate from Greek.

8. By what arguments has the existence of the digamma been established? In what authors are traces of its use to be found?

No. XIII.

1. What is the locative case?

2. Analyse the forms *amaverimus, lapidum, alicubi.*

3. Explain the formation of *calumnia, conviciū, drachuma, faculum, sepulcrum, stolidus, Vertumnus, auctumnus.*

4. Give some account of the formation of adverbs.

5. Explain, with instances, Anacoluthon, Zeugma, Pleonasm, Irony.

6. Translate the following sentences, so as to show the meanings of the middle voice:—

(1) *πᾶν σοι φράσω τὰ ληθῆς οὐδὲ κρυφιομαι.*

(2) *καὶ ὁ μὲν ἐδίκασε, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐδικαζόμεθα· καὶ ὁ μὲν ἐπεψήφισε, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐψηφίζόμεθα· καὶ ὁ μὲν ἔλεξε ἡμεῖς δὲ διελεγόμεθα.*

Arithmetical.

61.

4. A bankrupt pays 5s. 9d. in the pound ; if his assets were 500l. more, he would pay 6s. 5d. : what are his assets and his debts ?

5. Find the present worth of 122l. 16s. due 7 months hence at 4 per cent.

6. Potatoes are bought at 10½d. the stone, and have to pay a duty of 1l. the ton ; if they are sold at 1½d. the lb., what is the profit per cent. ?

7. Find the compound interest on 5000l. for 4 years at 5 per cent.

8. Find the value of 3840 articles at 19s. 11¾d. each. Three purchasers divide them in the proportion of 3, 4, 5 : what will each pay ?

9. Extract the square root of 196, 3⅔ — 1⅔.

10. I sell out 12500l. from the Three per Cents. at 96 ; I invest one-third of the proceeds in Egyptian Six per Cent. Bonds at 125, and the remainder in land which yields 2¼ per cent. net. What is my difference in income ?

11. What quantity of Turkey carpet is required for a room 20 feet 4 inches long, and 18 feet 8 inches broad, allowing a margin of 2 feet 8 inches all round ? Find also the number of tiles each 8 inches by 4 which will be needed to fill this margin.

XXVII.

1. Find by Practice the cost of 4 cwt. 2 qrs. 12 lbs. at 4l. 13s. 4d. per quarter.

2. Reduce ⅔ of 1d. to the fraction of 17s. 6d. ; and find what fraction 6 oz. 15 dwt. is of a lb. Troy.

3. Simplify :

$$(1) \frac{7}{1 - \frac{2}{3 + \frac{2}{4}}} ; \quad (2) \left\{ \frac{3\frac{1}{2}}{7} + \frac{2}{10\frac{1}{2}} - \left(\frac{5}{18} \text{ of } \frac{4}{7} \right) \right\} + \frac{4}{7}.$$

Algebraical.

145

8. Two persons start at noon from towns 60 miles apart. One walks at the rate of 4 miles an hour, but stops $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours on the way. The other walks at the rate of 3 miles an hour without stopping. When and where will they meet?

9. Divide 225 into 2 parts, so that three times the greater may exceed 7 times the less by 45.

10. Prove that, if $\frac{a}{b} = \frac{c}{d}$, $\frac{7a+5b}{8a-3b} = \frac{7c+5d}{8c-3d}$.

11. Solve the equations

$$\begin{array}{ll} (1) \frac{1}{x} + \frac{1}{2x} - \frac{1}{3x} = \frac{7}{3} & (3) \left. \begin{array}{l} \frac{2x}{3} + \frac{3y}{2} = 16\frac{1}{6} \\ \frac{3x}{2} - \frac{2y}{3} = 16\frac{1}{6} \end{array} \right\} \\ (2) \frac{3x-1}{2x-1} - \frac{4x-2}{3x-2} = \frac{1}{6} & (4) \left. \begin{array}{l} x-y = \frac{1}{6} \\ x^2-y^2 = \frac{5}{36} \end{array} \right\} \end{array}$$

12. A is twice as old as B. Nine years ago he was three and a half times as old as B. Find their present ages.

XXVI.

1. If $a=2$, $b=3$, $x=6$, $y=5$, what is the value of $a+2x-\{b+y-[a-x-(b-2y)]\}$?

2. Add together

$$ax-by, x+y, \text{ and } (a-1)x-(b+1)y$$

3. Multiply $\frac{1}{x^2} - \frac{1}{y^2}$ by $\frac{x}{y} + \frac{y}{x}$.

$$\text{Divide } \frac{a}{a-x} - \frac{a-x}{a} \text{ by } \frac{2ax-x^2}{(a-x)^2}$$

the Law of Real Property.

45

10. 'So that, in process of time, copyhold tenure must disappear from our present modes of holding land.' Explain this historically.

Ste. 645. Williams 356-358.

11. Trace and account for the gradual conversion of strictly servile occupation into certain and heritable tenure.

Ste. 214 *et seq.* Williams R. P. 336-339. Digby 41 *et seq.*, 109, 213-222.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INCORPOREAL HEREDITAMENTS.

(Stephen's 'Commentaries,' 647-693, 7th ed.; 666-712, 6th ed.)

1. Distinguish carefully between a corporeal and incorporeal hereditament, and comment on the principle adopted as the basis of division.

Ste. 647. Austin 372, 708. Williams 10. Digby 229.

2. 'In the transfer of incorporeal property, when alone and self-existent, formerly lay the distinction between it and corporeal property.' Explain this.

Williams 11, 231. Ste. 511. Digby 128, 331 (7), 328 (4).

3. Define an easement, and distinguish easements from profits. Is a right to draw off water from a well *in alieno solo* a profit or an easement?

Ste. 648. *Race v. Ward*, 4 Ell. and Bl. 702. Goddard on 'Easements' 1, 2. Digby 127.

4. Sketch the history, and give an outline of the leading principles, of the law relating to rights of common.

Digby 134-137. Ste. 649-657. Lord Hatherley in *Warrick v. Queen's College*, L. R. 6 Chan. App. 720. Maine's 'Village Communitities' 85 *et seq.* Elton's 'Law of Commons' ch. i.

B.C. 220] OF THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

3

endeared himself both to the soldiers and the general, and, on Hasdrubal's death, was unanimously elected to the chief command.¹

4. **Hannibal's character.** Fearless, yet prudent in danger; powerful in body and active in mind; careful of his soldiers, and strict in discipline, Hannibal possessed all the qualities of a great commander. He was moderate, nay abstemious in his bodily habits, modest in dress, and only conspicuous for his arms and horses. By sharing every danger with the meanest soldier, he endeared himself to his men: and he was always the first to enter the fight, and the last to leave it. Livy is rather liberal to him on the score of vices: here they are—inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plus quam Punica,² nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus deûm metus, nullum jusjurandum, nulla religio—no conscience at all.

5. **WAR BEGINS IN SPAIN, B.C. 220.**—Hannibal, with a view of causing the Romans to take up arms, determines to attack the Saguntines—a people by treaty³ independent both of

¹ *Prærogativam militarem.*] The tribe which voted first in a Roman election was called *prærogativa* (*præ* and *rogo*) and it generally carried the votes of the tribes which followed it; for it was chosen by lot, and the lot was supposed to be under the especial care of the gods. On the whole subject of *Comitia*, vide *Dictionary of Antiquities*, s. v.

² *Punica fides.*] A proverbial expression among the Romans for 'bad faith.' They were not much better than the Carthaginians themselves. With regard also to the charge of cruelty, Livy does not bring forward throughout his book a sufficient number of instances to justify it: and though Hannibal is charged in the same way by other historians, it is very doubtful if their accounts are authentic. Livy does not call the treacherous massacre of 2,000 Capuans by Marcellus cruel!

³ For an account of this treaty, see p. 9, note.

CHAPTER V.

Of the real and nominal price of Commodities, or of their price in Labour, and their price in Money.

EVERY MAN IS RICH OR POOR ACCORDING TO THE DEGREE IN WHICH HE CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY THE NECESSARIES, CONVENIENCES, AND AMUSEMENTS OF LIFE; only a small part of which can be supplied by a man's own labour; the greater part must be derived from the labour of other people, and which he must purchase; hence labour is the real measure of the exchangeable value of all commodities, p. 30.

*The real price of everything is the toil and trouble of acquiring it.*¹ What is bought with money is purchased by labour, as much as what we acquire by the toil of our own body. The money saves us the toil, and contains the value of a certain quantity of labour. Labour was the *first* price, the *original purchase money*, that was paid for all things: by it all the wealth of the world was purchased, and its value is equal to the quantity of labour which it can command, p. 31.

'WEALTH,' as Hobbes says, 'IS POWER,'² *i.e.*, it may afford a man the *means* of acquiring power, by giving him the command of other men's labour; and his fortune is greater or less according to the quantity of other men's labour which it enables him to command, p. 31.

Though labour be the real measure of the exchange-

¹ Adam Smith does not make any distinction here between value and price. Modern economists regard the latter as a particular case of the former. Observe that the toil and trouble of the acquirer may have been less than the toil and trouble of the producer. Value may be defined as 'The ratio in which commodities are exchanged against each other in the open market.' (Cairnes.) Therefore there can be no such thing as a general rise or fall in values.

² *Leviathan*, Part I. cap. x.



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